Next Month

and later

THE SCARLET CRAB

Clifford Knight

South from California sails a gleaming pleasure yacht, carrying aboard a strangely assorted group of persons, men and women, friends and strangers, enemies and lovers, who have abandoned their shore pursuits in a common love of science. South steams the ship, through the chill Pacific waters, into the warm range of the Humboldt current, to that bizarre, isolated archipelago, the Galapagos Islands — once a haunt of pirates; now of a few lonely fishermen, goats, giant turtles, and an outlandish crustacean, a crab as red as blood. Human passions, roused in the clash of personalities aboard the questing vessel, prove stronger than the spirit of science, and suddenly the peaceful floating laboratory is a center of violence and death. Clifford Knight's unusual mystery story, beginning in December, is the winner of the $2,000 Forum — Dodd, Mead prize contest.

WHY HAVE A FAMILY?

A Debate

Pearl Buck, whose novels have pried fearlessly into the emotional problems of family life, undertakes in this challenging debate to answer a man who has been disillusioned with his own children and who has come to believe that the traditions of civilized family life as we know them are outworn customs.

THE JEWS OR THE ARABS

William Schack

In Palestine two racial groups are girding for a bitter struggle. Zionism — the repatriation of the Jews in Palestine — has been for years a dream of millions of members of their race. Now, when Zionism has almost become a reality, the Arabs (encouraged, some charge, by Italian influence) have risen in ruthless, violent opposition. William Schack has marshaled the unadorned facts, and his article cuts through the emotional screens that are apt to becloud the situation.

F O R U M

and Century

HENRY GODDARD LEACH, *Editor*

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THE BOOK FORUM

Conducted by M. M. C.

AS I WAS SAYING — G. K. Chesterton (Dodd, Mead, $2.50).
BIRD ALONE — Seán O'Faoláin (Viking, $2.50).
FOR DEAR LIFE — Belinda Jelliffe (Scribner, $2.75).
THE SOUTHERN GATES OF ARABIA — Freya Stark (Dutton, $3.75).
AFRICAN WITCH — Joyce Cary (Morrow, $2.50).
DEATH IN THE BACK SEAT — Dorothy Cameron Disney (Random House, $2.00).
THE TRUTH ABOUT COLUMBUS — Charles Duff (Random House, $2.00).
BLIGH AND THE "BOUNTY" — edited by Laurence Irving (Dutton, $2.50).

It is a pity that such gaiety, warmth, and high-mindedness as G. K. Chesterton's should be no longer in the world. As one reads *As I Was Saying*, it is hard to realize that that life has left us. These gay, charming essays, so full of wisdom, are those of an all-round literary man; we can find in them the mind of a poet, of a novelist, of a critic. As a poet, Chesterton has written some of the most stirring modern ballads; as a story writer, he has written the brilliant Father Brown series; as a critic and biographer he has written one of the best critical biographies of our time — his life of Browning. The trouble with Chesterton was that he was too generous, too lavish, of himself.

Not all of the essays in this collection are equally profound, and they are on subjects varying from blondes and widows to relativity and Puritanism, but all of them have warmth and charm, good sense and insight. A man has to know a great deal about the world, about England and the English to write the essay on "White Shirt Fronts" — to write even the sentence that begins, "So poetical a people as the English." We are apt to overlook the fact that the English are the most poetical people in the world. He would have to know a great deal, not only about poetry but about almost everything, to write that fascinating essay on Coleridge called "S.T.C." You will hardly find a more illuminating piece of writing on Coleridge anywhere than the page in which G. K. C. writes about that wild and winged poem, *Kubla Khan* — maybe the most beautiful poem in English. "His Pegasus had wings but no feet."

A comment like this — "New movements in literature are those which copy the last century but one. . . . If they copy the last century they are old-fashioned" — is at least three-fourths true. Certainly part of the modernness of what is called the modern school in literature is a resurrection of the eighteenth century. There is a good deal of the eighteenth-century mentality in the Sitwells, in Aldous Huxley, in Virginia Woolf, and, of course, in Lytton Strachey. What we have that is new in literature, except in the case of a few outstanding geniuses, is a technical approach; sometimes there is a strained effort at a new technique, as in Huxley's *Eyeless in Gaza*.

In *Bird Alone*, the novelty of the technique is not patently obvious: Seán O'Faoláin has learned his technical approach to the revelation of his characters through the Russians — a little from Turgenev, a little from Chekhov, a little from Gorky, a little from Bunin. But the music of his sentences, the rhythm of his mind is Gaelic, and the opening of *Bird Alone* comes out of the mind of a man well-versed in Gaelic literature. "Two parts of the day I love, morning and evening — old men's time for walking — because they cannot sleep. And two walks out of the city I love, the one to see the sun rising, the other to see it set. . . . A relic of March wind in May made the sound of the sea in my ears, and the west was all cold and yellow. . . . But when I looked across the city, the risen moon was there in a ring of mist, the man's face in the shadow." These sentences have come out of a mind alive, as few contemporary writers' minds are alive, to the sound of words.

The scene of the story is an Irish provincial city, Cork; the plot is made up of an old man's history of his youth, the transport and tragedy of which have become a sort of legend to him. The river that flows through the city becomes part of the legend, and when we meet Elsie, the girl whose unwedded love makes the story, she embodies in some curious way the legend of the river. "She imparted to me, and to me alone, by a thousand casual words the ways of the river and the long, meandering valley; it all opened up and out before me, beyond sight, as a river of the imagination, like those rivers in medieval pictures that meander into mountains." This girl Elsie was the beloved of the teller of the tale, Corney, in his youth. She dies as she is about to bear a child, disgraced in the eyes of her family which is proud of its priests and nuns, people vowed to chastity. The novel revolves round a conflict such as today could take place only in a small, old-fashioned, and pious community. Practically all the Irish writers are technical innovators of one kind or another, whether as poets, dramatists, or novelists.

So many novels are autobiographical, with the spotlight turned on the author, who figures as the chief and most interesting character, that an autobiography like Belinda Jelliffe's *For Dear Life* reads like a novel. It is a book worth reading by any ambitious girl who either has to make her living or has a passion for a career. The difficulties before a woman with talent, energy, and resourcefulness can be such as to break the spirit of the most courageous. The heroine of *For Dear Life* was energetic, well-trained, and resourceful, but her struggles have left a wound in her spirit. She earned her living mainly as a nurse; she seems to have been not the ministering-angel type but that hard, efficient, well-trained, and unsympathetic person we meet in hospitals when we are racked on a bed of pain. Even at the risk of death by germs or infection or something else, we should, if very ill, willingly exchange her for one of the gentle, sympathetic, bedizened Arab women who nursed the author of *The Southern Gates of Arabia* so inefficiently through the measles.

Freya Stark follows a rarer profession than that of nurse: she is a lady explorer or traveler into barely known regions. But she has that strangely sympathetic personality that makes every stranger want to do things for her. She set out to explore that romantic highway, the ancient "Frankincense route," the road by which "all the perfumes of Arabia" entered Europe from the days of the Greeks. Nearly every English traveler who writes about Arabia seems to be able to write not only well but remarkably. Maybe it is because they have such good models — Burton, Doughty, Lawrence. But maybe it is that only the most poetically minded travelers go into the Arabian deserts and, from them, well-written books come as naturally as dates come from palms by a well. The author of *The Southern Gates of Arabia* saw a side of Arab life not shown to the men travelers: she was able to enter the harem and be friendly with the women and children. She is not self-conscious as Lawrence was and does not stage herself as being on any mission; she wanted the romance of being among strange people and seeing strange and lost cities and she was willing to endure all sorts of illnesses for that experience. The

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The Book Forum

life she lived in these remote Arabian cities was, she tells us, identical with the life in the castles of medieval Europe, where privacy and cleanliness were almost unobtainable luxuries. Her Arab hosts and hostesses are put before us not only in vivid passages of writing but in remarkable photographs; her illustrations are really a continuation of the text. She is a photographer of an exceptional sort, and her pictures of the strange edifices of those remote cities and of groups of people have a dramatic significance that is very impressive. *The Southern Gates of Arabia* is a delightfully written, delightfully illustrated travel book.

ANOTHER book about Africa! This one is a novel, *African Witch*, and it takes us among the negroes and the white officials of a British colony on the river Niger. We note that someone has compared it with *Passage to India*. Its author, however, is incapable of anything like the psychological subtlety of E. M. Forster. It is an exciting story, with something of the atmosphere of Eugene O'Neill's *Emperor Jones* but with no distinction in writing. The sort of reader who will be interested in *African Witch* is he who likes stories of mysterious magical practices and witchcraft. The main character is a native sorceress, Elizabeth, who has mysterious control over the childlike people around her. She is an adept in ju-ju, the local magic. It does look as if the great difference between primitive peoples and civilized peoples is that the former are haunted by fears such as only demented people know among us; they are afflicted with a sort of loose fear which they can be moved to attach to any subject. What witches and the fear of witch doctors and their magic have done to the African jungle is indicated in the life of the child Ibu. "Ibu was an intelligent child. This quality had probably been her ruin. All intelligent, good-looking persons are exposed to jealousy, and jealousy is the subconscious source of the hatred which produces injuries — from injuries, fear; and, from fear, an accusation of witchcraft. In this way Africa has destroyed every year . . . a large portion of its more intelligent and handsome children." Over against the Africans are the white officials and visitors who have no power of making contact with the minds of the people they are supposed to be civilizing. Joyce Cary knows his Africa well, and his knowledge makes *African Witch* an interesting novel.

BECAUSE it has a plot, *African Witch* keeps up a sort of excitement all along. It is well known that when writers of psychological novels or poems want a little recreation they read detective stories. But most of these thrillers are becoming a bit stale; they all follow much the same for-

Lippincott Book News

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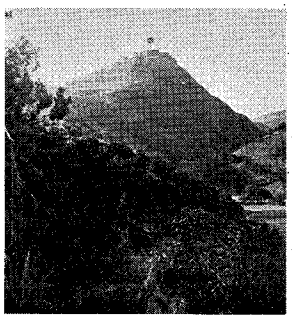

Napoleon's Spirit Walks on St. Helena

Octave Aubry, probably the greatest living French authority on Napoleon, traces the slow, tragic unfolding of the banished Emperor's last six years of life. M. Aubry even lived on that stern, forbidding rock in the Atlantic in order to absorb fully its musty, historic atmosphere.

Old Forgotten Documents

Drawing his material from French and English sources, much of it from unedited and truthful documents, he has recreated a dramatic, accurate picture. "The Little Corporal" swaggers majestically through these nostalgic pages. M. Aubry has made this one of the most important, most absorbing works in contemporary literature. "*St. Helena,*" translated by Arthur Livingston, retains the full flavor of M. Aubry's exciting style. "*St. Helena*" is published by Lippincott, fully illustrated, at $5.00.

Globe Trotting Jewel Thieves Match Wits

Captain Valentine, the engaging rogue of "*Moons in Gold,*" is reminiscent of Arsene Lupin. This novel, by C. S. Montanye, is one of the three best uncovered by the recent Lippincott Mystery Story Contest. The debonair Captain, his rival, St. Julien, and Baron Grunoff's beautiful daughter, all race from Paris to Shanghai for precious opals. "*Moons in Gold*" has glamor, thrills aplenty, and suspense to the last exciting page. Published in October, by Lippincott, at $2.00.

Carolyn Wells Scores Again with Fleming Stone

The popular author of "Murder in the Bookshop," "Money Musk," etc., has again scored a hit with detective story fans in her latest Fleming Stone triple-murder thriller, "*The Huddle.*" A big time promoter is killed under the very noses of his associates, two of whom die subsequently to the mystification of the great detective and the police. Published by Lippincott, at $2.00.

LOVE AND REVOLUTION BREAK OUT IN MEXICO

Carleton Beals' Fascinating Story of Beautiful Peon Girl Torn in Strife of War and Love

A noted author reveals a vivid picture of the Mexico of today in his latest novel, "*The Stones Awake.*" Esperanza, lovely illiterate peon girl of Milpa Verde, is the brave heroine of this epic saga of modern serfdom.

20th Century Slavery

Life on the Hacienda Magdalena was unspeakably cruel. Esperanza's betrothed is craftily shipped off to the army by Don Joaquin. Serf-born peons, flogged to desperation, join a futile revolt. Rapine, murder and starvation are situations Esperanza must face. How she triumphs over them makes this one of the best books ever written on Mexico and her people. "*The Stones Awake,*" by Carleton Beals, just published by Lippincott, is $2.50.

Karl Marx Portrayed As Man and Fighter

New and Hitherto Unpublished Material from Private Files of Marx and Engels—from Berlin, Dresden, and the First Internationale in Paris.

A new biography and a unique contribution to Marxist literature has been written by Boris Nicolaievsky and Otto Maenchen-Helfen.

Marx from a Different Perspective

Much has been written about Marx's economic and philosophic teaching but there never before has been a single work on Marx as a man and a fighter. Nor, until now, has there been an authoritative source of information on the controversies between Marx and Lassalle, and Marx and Bakunin. This book shows the principal stages in Marx's life of combat; from his stormy, tormented youth in Germany through all the years of his immensely productive life . . . a clear and complete delineation of the man and his age! "*Karl Marx, Man and Fighter,*" illustrated, just published by Lippincott, is $3.50.

Chemists Make Amazing Discoveries

According to A. Frederick Collins, F.R.A.S., never before in history have there been so many spectacular discoveries in the world of chemistry. To keep abreast of these achievements, and apply them in daily life, one must know how they were produced and what effects they have.

Gasoline from Coal!

Mr. Collins explains all this in his new book, "*The March of Chemistry,*" and includes numerous experiments which one can easily do at home. He tells how gasoline and oil are made from coal; all about rayon, fabricoid, streakless paints, etc. He also includes a chapter on Biochemistry, explaining enzymes, vitamins, hormones. "*The March of Chemistry*" (104 illustrations), just published by Lippincott, is $3.00.

Remarkable Book On Game Birds

Seventy-five splendid etchings of America's game birds by the well-known Richard E. Bishop—have been reproduced to constitute a most attractive and reliable illustrated guide. Every sportsman will surely want a copy of "*Bishop's Birds*" for ready reference in his library.

If you prefer the De Luxe Edition, limited to 125 signed copies, and with an original etching as a frontispiece, the price is $35.00. The regular edition, handsomely bound in buckram, and limited to 1,000 numbered copies, is only $15.00 a copy.

New Grace Livingston Hill Novel Published

FOUND: Not only the old-fashioned Christmas he had secretly longed for — but a true love and a new happiness as well! That, in brief, is the résumé of a new romance—and one of the most beautiful ones that has ever come from Mrs. Hill's beloved pen. Title? "*The Substitute Guest.*" Just published by Lippincott, at $2.00.

Falcon Defies Police; Preys on Gangsters

The Falcon, steel-nerved hero of a new novel by Drexel Drake, is a lone, free-lance "G Man," without authority or credentials. But he doesn't need them. Crooked police officials cringe. And he shows no mercy on racketeers as he swoops down and deals his own brand of quick justice. "*The Falcon's Prey,*" another of the great books discovered in the recent Lippincott Mystery Story Contest, is published by Lippincott, at $2.00.

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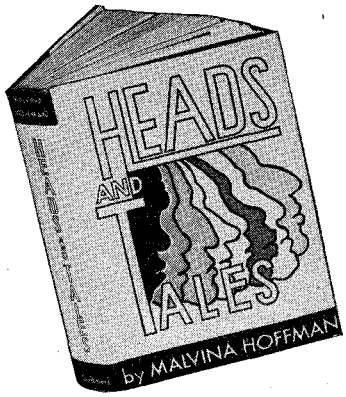

Heads and Tales

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CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

The Book Forum

mula, and readers have become adept at knowing from the first chapter who the guilty parties are. A writer named Dorothy Cameron Disney has, however, produced a mystery story which really does succeed in being mysterious to the finale. The story is written with a sort of earnestness, of alarm almost, that keeps the interest unflagging. It begins with a murder in the back seat of an automobile which two people, one of them the narrator, have left parked in a street. The murdered man is himself a mystery, as is almost everybody else in the story. To our detective-story readers and our murder-story readers we can really recommend *Death in the Back Seat,* for the author breaks new ground in this sort of yarn and takes us away from those highbrow detectives whose affectations were making us bored with this sort of writing.

QUITE a swell piece of detective work has been done in connection with the discoverer of this continent by Charles Duff in *The Truth about Columbus.* Christopher, for reasons best known to himself, took pains to conceal his past. In those days it was the fashion to represent oneself as being of lofty and noble lineage, whereas now the fashion is to give oneself out as of no lineage of consequence. He wanted people to believe that he was a college man and had been at the University of Pavia. But Mr. Duff deduces that, far from being at any college, he had not learned to read or write before he left Italy; for the only language he ever learned to write was a gaudy and unidiomatic Spanish, obviously dating from his maturity. However, the great mystery about Columbus is to find a solution for the fact that an unknown, unlettered man, without connections, could get the King of Portugal and the sovereigns of Spain to listen to a yarn about a land in the west and to enter into partnership with him to go out in search of this land. But a man dominated by a single idea always somehow manages to put over that idea on somebody. Columbus knew about land in the west in much the same way that Joan of Arc knew that the English would be beaten out of France.

Who finally got together the funds that sent Columbus on the greatest voyage in history? According to Charles Duff it was the Jews of Spain who financed him. How much did the discovery of this land cost? Charles Duff puts the figure at $7,500. As money then is supposed to have had from 20 to 30 times the purchasing power it has now, that makes the amount somewhere around $200,000 of our money. For discovering America Columbus tried to make a good bargain for himself. He held out for the highest rewards and the highest dignities for himself and his family. But he was cheated by a king and died in penury and in such obscurity that his death was hardly noticed. It was not till 200 years after his death that his memory was revived. It is worthy of note that his last descendant was killed in Spain the other day.

ANOTHER seaman whose career made history is put before us in *Bligh and the "Bounty."* Bligh's supposed harshness has always been accepted as the cause of that dramatic mutiny. But Laurence Irving is all for Bligh, whom, reasonably enough, he makes appear as a man of no unusual harshness when we consider the conditions of seamanship in the eighteenth century. Did not Dr. Johnson remark that sailors had all the penalties of convicts with the risk added of being drowned or burned at sea? What Laurence Irving does for Captain Bligh is to give Bligh's story in Bligh's own words. He gives the log of the *Bounty* on her voyage to Tahiti and the log kept by Bligh on the fearful voyage on which the mutineers sent him. As we read it we realize how much English literature owes to sea captains. It was they who created that literalness of description, that interest in detail that is part of Robinson Crusoe. Here is how Bligh records the most dramatic moment in the mutiny:

"I continued my endeavors to turn the tide of affairs, when Christian changed the cutlass which he had in his hand for a bayonet that was brought to him, and, holding me with a strong grip by the cord that tied my hands, he with many oaths threatened to kill me immediately if I would not be quiet; the villains round me had their pieces cocked and bayonets fixed. Particular people were called to go into the boat, and were hurried over the side; when I concluded that with these people I was to be set adrift; I therefore made another effort to bring about a change, but with no other effect than to be threatened with having my brains blown out."

(*Beginning on page 219, Mary M. Colum discusses the new books listed below.*)

THE STRUCTURE OF RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE — John MacMurray (Yale, $1.50).

DESERT FATHERS — Helen Waddell (Holt, $2.50).

THE ANATOMY OF FRUSTRATION — H. G. Wells (Macmillan, $2.00).

MOHAMMED — Essad Bey (Longmans, Green, $2.50).

VITAL PEACE — Henry Wickham Steed (Macmillan, $2.75).

LETTERS TO AN ARTIST — Vincent van Gogh (Viking, $3.50 & $10.00).

BEFORE THE GREAT SILENCE — Maurice Maeterlinck (Stokes, $2.00).

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NEWS of New Books

(Courtesy *The Publishers' Weekly*)

News from Tartary, by Peter Fleming (Scribner, $3.00). The author of *Brazilian Adventure* describes an adventurous seven-month trip across Mongolia and Tibet, from Peiping to India.

The Snare of the Fowler, by Gerald Bullett (Knopf, $2.50). A new novel recommended as the author's best.

The Descent of the Idol, by J. Durych (Dutton, $2.75). A long historical novel by a Czechoslovakian writer, with Wallenstein as the central character.

Candle Indoors, by Helen Hull (Coward-McCann, $2.50). A novel of modern people and modern problems.

The Unexpected Years, by Laurence Housman (Bobbs-Merrill, $3.00). The autobiography of the author of *Victoria Regina.*

Fremont Older, by Evelyn Wells (Appleton-Century, $3.00). The first biography of a fighting San Francisco editor.

Return to Malaya, by R. H. Bruce Lockhart (Putnam, $3.00). The author of *British Agent* writes an up-to-date travel narrative.

Ward Eight, by Joseph F. Dineen (Harper, $2.50). A first novel of hard-boiled politics in a Boston ward, by a political and police reporter.

Sagittarius Rising, by Cecil Lewis (Harcourt, Brace, $2.50). Autobiography of an English war aviator who was a senior flight commander at the age of twenty.

Golden Wedding, by Anne Parrish (Harper, $2.50). The story of the Briggs family and what wealth did to it, from 1883 to the present.

The Log of the China Clipper, by William Van Dusen (Morrow, $3.50). The authorized account of the establishment of the trans-Pacific air service.

My Life, by Igor Stravinsky (Simon & Schuster, $3.00). Autobiography of a great composer.

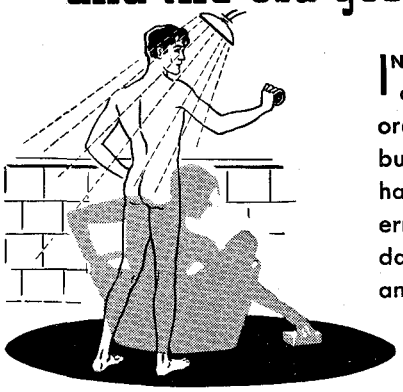
Nijinsky's Diary, by Vaslav Nijinsky (Simon & Shuster, $2.50). Edited by his wife, Romola Nijinsky.

A Prayer for My Son, by Hugh Walpole (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50). A novel of contemporary English life, of Colonel Fawcus and Scarfe Hall.

Wooden Titan, by John W. Wheeler-Bennett (Morrow, $5.00). A comprehensive study of twentieth-century Germany, with Hindenburg as the central figure.

The New House, by Lettice Cooper (Macmillan, $2.50). A single day in the life of the Powell family. A novel by a new English writer.

TIMES CHANGE and the old gives way *to the New!*



IN DICTIONARIES, as in today's methods of hygiene, Time has brought a new order. Of course you have a dictionary, but does it, as do your own personal habits, reflect acceptance of the modern? Does it indicate the same up-to-dateness that characterizes your thoughts and activities today?

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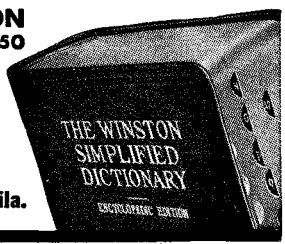
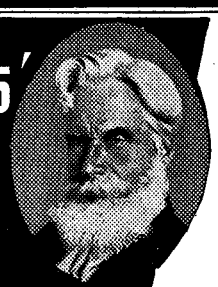


HAVELOCK ELLIS'
PSYCHOLOGY OF
SEX



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F O R U M

and Century

NOVEMBER, 1936 VOL. XCVI, NO. 5

Another Vote for Roosevelt

Editorial Foreword

THE REPUBLICAN Party completed its twelve-year tenure of national office in 1933 with the closing of every bank in America. The swing upward during the past three and a half years has resembled a miracle. The American people have risen from their abasement.

The statistics of our climb from the abyss are startling. Published figures credit steel production with an advance of 338 per cent, automobile production 337 per cent, exports 42 per cent, farm income 141 per cent, stock prices 146 per cent. On August 11, 1932, Chrysler stock sold for $15 a share; on August 11, 1936, for $119.

As a Republican brought up in a family tradition of strict Republicanism I sometimes envy the unfaltering faith of my friends who unfailingly vote the straight Republican ticket. It was with some pain in 1920 that I found I could not vote for Mr. Harding. My vote at that time was for Franklin D. Roosevelt for Vice President rather than for Cox as President — and for the ideal of the League of Nations. Compared to the bright hope of a reign of world peace the Republican shibboleth of a "return to normalcy" seemed too ruthless and hard-boiled. Like some Republican utterances today, it translated into small potatoes. Now again I must vote for Roosevelt, who has fought for the programs of economic and social readjustment advocated by writers in THE FORUM under Coolidge and Hoover.

ENTER HERCULES

FACING a politically hostile audience at the tercentenary of Harvard University, the President quoted the following lines from Euripides, composed in 439 B.C.

> *There are many shapes of mystery,*
> *And many things God makes to be,*
> *Past hope or fear.*
> *And the end man looked for cometh not,*
> *And a path is there where no man sought.*
> *So hath it fallen here.*

Probably there was not an alumnus of Harvard present who was not gratified by the thought that the present occupant of the White House is a man of letters familiar with the best minds of other ages as well as the literature of the novel times in which we live. They remembered that a keynote of another speech in which he accepted renomination — a document that was no doubt good politics but also was both good statesmanship and good literature — was a quotation from Dante.

The quotation from Euripides can be applied to the New Deal itself. The lines quoted by the President are the latest translation of the final chorus in the play *Alcestis*. King Admetus had lost his beloved wife Alcestis. To the house of mourning came Hercules, and, in spite of his grief, the King received him as his guest. When Hercules found out the real state of affairs, he performed for his host yet another

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marvelous labor. He invaded the realm of the dead and brought back the wife to her sorrowing husband. Another miracle had happened, the unpredictable, contrary to the unimaginative reasoning of the chorus. The ending, as less often in Greek drama, was a happy one — "a path is there where no man sought."

Like Hercules, Roosevelt in 1933 wrestled with the heavy incubus of the depression. Even those who frowned on his methods admitted his courage. The banks reopened, the factories belched smoke again. If Coolidge and Hoover were criticized for doing nothing, Roosevelt is now challenged for doing too much. But, although his technique may seem complicated, his purpose is consistent and simple. It is the homely American principle of the good neighbor. At home he is trying to find a job for every able-bodied citizen and security for those who are helpless. Abroad he is striving to reopen the old healthy, cordial trade relations. Incidentally, he has found time also to encourage the arts and those refinements of civilization related less to the struggle for existence than to the joy of living.

As in the Greek play, a miracle has happened in our national life. Some critics cry out against the expense and waste. Experts have debated this subject in THE FORUM, and they have not proved that a Republican administration could have turned the tide at less cost. Other critics claim that the recovery is cyclical and inevitable. If they are in a measure right, Roosevelt, like Hercules, still remains an omen of good luck.

It is true that unemployment has not improved as much as profits or income. A great omission of the New Deal is the failure to provide a scientific census of employment. The piling up of technological unemployment by new labor-saving machinery needs sharp study and the establishment of agencies to cut the lag.

Forced feeding and clothing of millions at the public expense have of necessity tended to create a deterioration of morale. But the fear of this deterioration is exaggerated. It is doubtful that fundamental character has been impaired. A citizen who is able to find work and yet accepts public relief is not likely ever to be much of a public asset. If public funds can keep the shiftless from poor farms, hospitals, and penitentiaries, more good than harm is accomplished.

THE RECORD

LET US review a few of the high points of the New Deal Administration. Temporary security has been provided for the banks. The purchasing power of all classes has increased moderately. The AAA was successful as an instrument to curb excessive production. The NRA was unsuccessful as an economic instrument, but it did educate business in sensible social behavior. A way was indicated for a sane adjustment of the coal and oil problems. The specter of starvation and civil bloodshed was eradicated. The bonded credit of the federal government has not been impaired. Business was stimulated by public works. Jobs were substituted for doles. The Civilian Conservation Corps provided a healthy outlet for youth. The bonus ferment was deplored but absorbed. Tax rates have not increased as rapidly as private incomes. Labor modernized its organization. Conservation of natural resources throughout the country received an impetus not felt since another Roosevelt was in the White House. A program of social security on a national scale was blueprinted and endorsed by Congress. Laws were passed for orderly management of banks, holding companies, and public exchanges. The TVA settled the long debate about Muscle Shoals and proposed a scientific yardstick for power to the consumer. Federal prosecution of interstate crime has been highly efficient, and, in general, popular respect for law and order has improved.

Our foreign policy has been neighborly without becoming supine. Our attitude toward treaty-breaking powers, Japan and Italy, was not effective, but it was objective and consistent. Our new reciprocal tariffs are steadily improving trade with all nations with which they have been signed. The recent monetary accord between France, Britain, and the United States points to a happier world.

President Roosevelt has bravely stated new standards of order and conduct in a society threatened four years ago by anarchy. The easy good humor of Roosevelt as a politician, it seems to me, has obscured from his opponents the more important fact that he is a statesman.

Henry Goddard Leach

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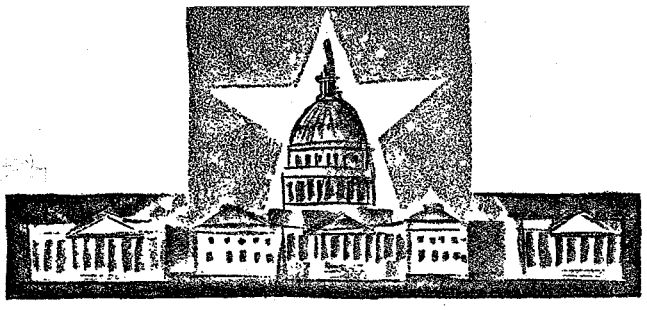
A Landon Liberal



by **CHARLES P. TAFT**

MR. STANLEY HIGH wrote in the May issue of THE FORUM that he had never voted for a Democrat since his first vote for Harding but that this year he as a Republican would "take a walk" and vote for Mr. Roosevelt.

Mr. High and I match pretty well in some respects, but in this campaign the similarity seems to end. I shall vote this time for Alf M. Landon with more real enthusiasm than I have experienced at any prior presidential election.

The difference between us as I see it is very largely the difference between the enthusiastic supporters of a church and missionary program who insist that the Lord will provide and those equally enthusiastic supporters who want the program administered within the limitations of the purses of the financial contributors. We part on the question of what we are paying for and what we pay it with.

Here is Mr. High's argument as I see it in brief.

First: The purpose back of New Deal policies is right. The defeat of Mr. Roosevelt will be the defeat not merely of his methods but of his objectives.

Second: The conservatives, while feeding regularly, keeping servants, running autos, and taking summer vacations, oppose putting any ideals into practice and are throwing up a smoke screen when they attack Mr. Roosevelt's imperfections and cheer for States' rights.

Third: Mr. High, while not relishing the imperfections of the New Deal, will put up with them because they do not constitute the issue. He leaves it to the Republicans to point out that the New Deal's policies are unsound. He takes a walk because he favors the underlying purpose.

TOO MUCH CENTRALIZATION

THE REAL point upon which Mr. High and I split is: Which side will in the end produce more absolute progress? I hold that Mr. Landon will solidify the real gains we have made and throw overboard the numerous excrescences, whether vicious or merely humorous and cumbersome. I hold further that if Mr. Roosevelt is re-elected and continues his past method of operation we shall probably smash, unless a Congress courageous enough to apply the brakes turns up in January. I base my contention upon past history of Anglo-Saxon countries, which gives clear evidence that the consolidation of progress has most frequently come with conservative governments led by moderates.

I agree with Mr. High that you cannot get fuller and more widespread security for the masses of the people by the voluntary action of business. No one with any sense proposes a system of free enterprise without corresponding governmental regulation. The Republican Party goes farther and proposes to stamp out monopoly and monopolistic practice. No one really wants complete *laissez faire*.

I do not agree that the argument for States' rights constitutes an evasion. As Monseigneur Keegan said at Atlantic City about relief, nothing should be cared for by the larger unit of government which can be adequately handled by the smaller one. Democracy is based on face-to-face, open-minded discussion, with the participation of all people concerned. This was possible in the small independent religious

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congregations of the seventeenth century, where our democracy began. It is not possible in a nation of 120,000,000. Representative government was invented as the next best way, but it does not relieve us of the necessity of keeping responsibility for government upon as large a number of the citizens as possible. When both decision and administration for matters that can be adequately handled by cities or States are centralized in Washington, it helps destroy popular responsibility.

A local machine like Tammany in New York or Pendergast's in Kansas City also destroys popular responsibility. But that is no excuse for sending a delegation to Washington to ask the federal government to pull us out of the hole of civic degradation in which our own civic neglect has put us.

Cincinnati and Kansas manage to handle interstate utilities. Which leads one to question whether other cities and States cannot do the same for themselves. I am for the child-labor amendment. But isn't it, after all, an attempt to do for the southern States a job they have neglected to face for themselves? We'll have a sounder civilization if we help right-minded people in those States to solve their own problem. I should think the Prohibition experiment presented some evidence which the Democrats might well study at this point. The issue is not the defensive one of States' rights as John C. Calhoun knew it but the clearly defined and constructive one of local self-government.

Works — Public and Political

The Democratic claim that the beneficent purposes of the New Deal outweigh its imperfections sounds like an extension of the old argument about faith and works. I admire St. Paul tremendously. But I incline toward St. James in this matter. Faith without works is vain. And the works I refer to are not contained in any PWA, WPA, or CWA. When the imperfections grow in fact like Rumor in Vergil, until they are stalking along with their heads in the clouds, I begin to question the objectives of which they are supposed to be samples. Some of those samples deserve further discussion.

The social-security act, in my judgment, aims in the right direction, but I believe that real security has a mental and spiritual content that no government can furnish in pound packages, as Governor Landon has put it. Good intentions cannot excuse the form of the act, for which the President, Mr. Morgenthau and Miss Perkins' assistant, Mr. Elliot, are largely responsible — that act in which the President last May refused to permit any change.

It is, in the first place, the largest taxing act in history. The taxes provided — a gross income tax on wages and a payroll tax — are taxes on the poor. The "cockeyed" reserve, for which the President and Mr. Morgenthau are personally to blame, will take billions of dollars from the poor man's purchasing power and turn them to either the payment of the government debt (unlikely) or the payment of the government deficit (almost certain).

So, I ask, am I a hypocritical economic royalist because I question the President's methods and believe that federal grants-in-aid, conditioned upon sound State standards, as promised by Governor Landon's Republican plank, will do a better job for economic security?

The President's objectives in relief are even more difficult to ascertain. The President and Aubrey Williams are responsible for the idea that a work-relief program can be administered from Washington and for the resulting confusion between work relief and public works. The President has permitted the perversion of relief and WPA to politics. He gives no weight to the nearly unanimous views of private agencies and community chests that the program is wrong.

Which leads directly and uncompromisingly to what is clearly an objective of the President, the creation of the most complete and effective national political machine in the history of our country. Mr. Hearst and Colonel McCormick may be used as counters to Republican critics of Mr. Farley, but the Governor's Chautauqua speech shows unmistakably that his newspaper supporters do not control him. Mr. Farley's position is clearly defined. He stated it in his articles in the *American Magazine* in 1933 and 1934. On February 24, 1933, the *New York Times* reported a discussion between the President and Mr. Farley on New York patronage and on the procedure to co-ordinate the distribution of federal and State patronage. Said the *Times* of this interview:

> He [Mr. Farley] will attempt to have the various

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State chairmen co-operate with him, that the organization recommendations in the distribution of minor patronage will be so arranged that it will receive the widest possible distribution to build up a party organization throughout the country.

Mr. Farley and the President did their part. Political appointments in the federal service jumped from 100,000 on March 4, 1933, to the present 325,000. By the time you add the State organizations and PWA heads and three years' "co-ordination" by Mr. Farley, the mere recital that Mr. Farley's machine is the most effective and complete in political history becomes modest understatement. The record defies evasion. If this is merely an "imperfection," its imperfection is complete and final enough for me.

What the Republicans Offer

Let's take a look at foreign affairs. The phrase *good neighbor* was first used in this respect in the Jay Treaty of 1794 and then by Franklin Pierce in 1855, though it has a more distinguished ancestry than that, so far as personal living is concerned. May I ask the Democrats the actual value of an objective that is mirrored in the use of the strongest diplomatic force to drive President Machado from Cuba? One may believe the worst about Mr. Machado and his methods. Nevertheless, driving him out was intervention in the affairs of a neighbor sovereign state. Which was bad enough. But it was followed by something worse when Grau San Martin, the new President of Cuba, who seemed to command general popular support, was forced out in favor of Mendieta.

The saber rattling of the Pacific war games still echoes in national and international ears. The military and naval appropriations of a billion and a quarter dollars — up 66 per cent in three years — were hardly conducive to good neighborliness. It becomes more inexcusable when we consider that the appropriations were made without the promised survey that was to tell us what we needed for adequate defense.

One thing I am sure of. Alf M. Landon will never make the United States look as ridiculous as did Mr. Roosevelt in 1933 by his grandiloquent conferences with foreign statesmen before the London Economic Conference and his subsequent telegram that wrecked that splendid effort.

The tracing of the paths of "imperfections" brings us inescapably to the question of the budget. There are any number of facile justifications for the disastrous system of double bookkeeping that has destroyed all effort to stop waste and extravagance. But, however facile, these arguments seem to me no more convincing than arguments for the Townsend Plan. Perhaps it is a fact that a large national debt is not the worst thing we could pass on to our children. But, after all, we are not looking for the worst possible inheritance.

Mention the unbalanced budget and you get from the Democrats, "But it has brought recovery." How about the 10,000,000 still on relief? There are more of them this year than any year, and expenditures are at their highest point. We are as sure to suffer for our past and future extravagances as we would for entering another world war. The budget *can* be balanced by 1939 or perhaps earlier, not ignoring relief and agricultural subsidies. But not by Mr. Roosevelt.

What have the Republicans to offer? First of all a man with common sense, a little tinge of Dutch stubbornness, and a background of liberal traditions. The common sense shows in his dealing with people, the stubbornness in his battles with big competitors. The liberal tradition began with the Kansas Bull Moosers in association with William Allen White, and was continued in Kansas politics. It will have free play. There has never been a presidential candidate, Republican or Democrat, so free of political obligations for his nomination.

His policies are appearing in this campaign, definite, clear, straightforward. Will he do what he says? I say yes. If you don't believe me, ask Kansas politicians who thought he was making "election" promises when he ran in 1932. Which, incidentally, is a test Mr. Roosevelt could not have passed even as early as 1932.

The fear of the middle-of-the-road Democrat is that the defeat of the New Deal means not only the defeat of its methods but a mandate against its objectives. Such a defeat *will* mean the death knell of some of its objectives but not those upon which he and his Republican brother would agree. But the victory of Mr. Roosevelt would be a victory for the Honorable James Aloysius Farley, his machine, and his fearful lack of any sense of public office as a public trust. This is the real alternative.

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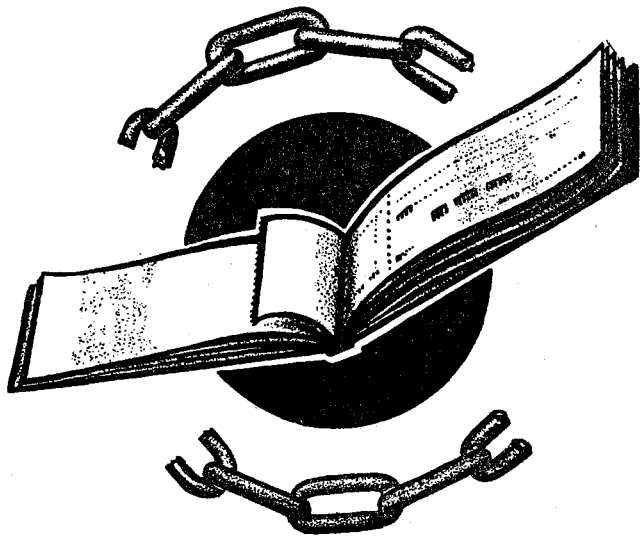
We Got Our Money's Worth

A Young Couple Who Knew What They Wanted



by **HELEN PEAVY WASHBURN**

I WORE my engagement ring 24 hours before it made place for the wedding band. The day before the ceremony I was teaching in a small-town high school, and five days later we were on the Atlantic Ocean.

I had known the man I married since our own high school days. We had gone to the same university, and both of us had earned nearly all our expenses. At the beginning of my second year of teaching, K. still had his fifth year in fine arts ahead of him. He had a few hundred dollars of college debts and would have more before the year was over. We hoped to be married eventually, but only Providence knew when.

Then, suddenly, K. was offered a fellowship of $500 toward a year of study in Italy. It was too great an opportunity to miss, but if he took it he would need to borrow a good sum in addition, with no assurance of when or how he could pay it back. The hypothetical date of our wedding sailed out of sight behind a thundercloud.

I needn't tell you what would have been the sane and sensible thing for us to do. Our parents told us very clearly and without embellishment. So did our solid and successful friends. But there were other friends with a streak of madness in their natures who said, "You shouldn't do this, but, if you're bound to anyhow, we'll back you up." The school board released me and found a substitute. Then our parents said, "You'll live to regret it, but, since there's no stopping you, we'll lend you all the money we have." So we took a chance.

ADVENTURE IN POVERTY

WHATEVER the future is keeping for us, nothing can take away the memory of that year. There are people who can see no romance in traveling the cheapest class on boats and trains, where one often sits next to peasants with live hens in their laps; in cooking over charcoal fires, bathing in washbowls, living in foreign slums; or in facing the future with $2,400 of debts. But those people have always been smothered in material comforts.

We were both farm-bred and we knew what it meant to work for fourteen hours a day at anything the farm demanded, to eat simple fare and to like it. So when we arrived in Florence we took a studio apartment in one of the oldest and dirtiest parts of the city and we scrubbed for a week on our hands and knees to get down to the native brick of our floors, beneath the dirt. We had a fireplace that always smoked, a tin can of a wood stove, a stone

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sink with a cold-water tap above it, and a charcoal stove for cooking. We always had to fan the charcoal fire for half an hour from the time it was lighted until it condescended to burn. Then a fine coating of ash dust settled impartially on every object in the apartment.

We had for a total weekly food budget the equivalent of five American dollars. We agreed that whatever we could save from that amount would be used to buy books and Italian linen. Each week we saved two dollars and one week we saved three. On that allowance we neither starved nor suffered but we did eat quantities of such plebeian things as corn-meal mush, vegetable stew, and big loaves of Italian bread. We noticed that in restaurants even the poorest-dressed laborers spent nearly as much for wine as they spent for food. We had a cheaper system. We skipped the wine and drank water.

American friends whom we met in Florence exclaimed at the things we had bought to take back home. "We should love to get some, too," they would say, "but we simply can't afford it." Yet whenever they went to a place more than a block away they took a taxi. We walked or took a tram for four cents. Each afternoon, they dropped into a shop for cakes and tea and left enough cash behind them to feed us for three meals. We still have the linen, the pottery, the leather work, and the books; and I suppose they still have the memory of the taxis and the tea.

When we gave up our studio in the spring, we traveled over the length and breadth of Italy while K. sketched and we visited museums and nosed about the country. We spent a month in France and then came home, in perfect health and with heads full of news. We saw and heard as much as if we had registered at the best hotels and we probably smelled more. We developed a sixth sense for picking the least expensive lodgings and restaurants and a sheer genius for smuggling into our rooms bread, cheese, radishes, and fruit and for consuming it and leaving no trace. That isn't done, of course, but we did it. In fact, we attribute any success of ours to doing the things that aren't being done.

What You Can Do Without

When we arrived home in America, K. found awaiting him a letter offering a graduate fellowship of $500, $100 of which would go for tuition. $400 was not a stupendous sum with which to support married life in a University community, but it was better than nothing, so we took it.

We found a small room for $5 a week. This sum paid, too, for the privilege of cooking on a corner of our landlady's kitchen stove and of eating on a corner of her kitchen table. I did our laundry on my knees before a bathtub in her cellar. K. sold $600 worth of paintings and etchings that year, but we used only $300 of it to add to our original $400 for living expenses. We applied the other $300 to our debts.

The next summer K. was given a job as instructor in his college at $2,000 a year. Even in those boom times it looked to us like a million. That was seven and a half years ago. Since then, we have both earned our Master's degrees; we have paid off all our first debts with six-per-cent interest; we have bought, furnished, and equipped a house, collected a 500-book library, and have increased our family to include two sons. All of our furniture and equipment from electrically fitted kitchen to glass-tiled bathroom is paid for, and the payments on our house are over half made. Yet, owing to the depression, K.'s winter- and summer-School salaries combined are still below the $3,000 mark, and his sales for drawings and paintings rarely cover the cost of his materials.

All around us we see faculty members, with better salaries than ours, perpetually broke, crabbing about the depression, and complaining that they can't live on their reduced incomes. To be perfectly accurate, they never could live on their incomes before they were reduced. Yet there is no magic in our system. Anyone in the same circumstances could have done the same or better. We simply decided what we wanted most, did without things when it was necessary, and gave up lesser things in order to secure greater.

For the three years before we could afford our electric stove, I did all of my cooking on a two-burner oilstove that a friend was about to throw away. Before we could buy our good antiques and reproductions, we used furniture that we bought for a song at auctions and then painted, cleaned, and repaired. When our first son was born, our initial debts were only half paid. The doctor said, "Why don't you go into the maternity ward? You'll get perfectly ade-

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quate care." The price of a bed in the ward was about half that of a private room. So I went into the ward, and my friends were horrified. They couldn't imagine bringing forth a baby without engaging, in addition to a private room, the services of a private nurse for at least two weeks. I have never had a private nurse, and both the youngsters and I have survived as well as the friends with the staggering maternity bills.

The Psychology of the Machine Age

A person's standard of living is a fine and pleasant affair as long as he is master of it. Palatial bathrooms, streamlined motors, electrical magic workers, oil burners, beauty parlors, silk lingerie, fur coats, strawberries in January, and porterhouse steaks all have their points. But people often forget that these things are not necessary to sustain life or even happiness. Their standard of living becomes for them a monster that has them by the throats.

I am not trying to belittle the depression. I have seen too much evidence of the tragedies it has made. But in many cases the tragedies came not so much from the depression as from the softness that prosperity had fostered.

Sally and Bill, two friends of ours, had been very much in love for several years. Sally's parents had a fairly hard time in their youth, and the mother insists that her children must never go through the same. When the depression came, Bill's business suffered along with everybody else's, but he still had enough income to supply the necessities. Sally's parents finally broke up the match and convinced her that she would find only misery in a life of poverty. She is now teaching school on a comfortable salary and has put away all thoughts of marriage to the poor but honest boy-friend.

This is not an unusual case; it is rather an average one. On every side, we hear young people say, "I guess we'll have to put off our wedding forever. We couldn't begin to live on Jim's salary." Even philosophers find it difficult to live on incomes of zero, and many young people without jobs and with too much pride to be supported by charity must find marriage impossible. But for many others it is not a question of marrying on an invisible income. It is that of marrying and managing on an income smaller than their standard of living permits. Most of their incomes even today are larger than their great-grandparents ever achieved. But living and fighting for existence and success together seem to have lost their charm when weighed against electric refrigerators and shock-absorbing motorcars.

Mary, whom I knew in college, was engaged to a man who insisted that they could not be married until he was earning at least $5,000 a year. She broke the engagement, finally, and married a man who was getting less than half that. She has three children now, does all her own work, and regrets nothing. The college fiancé got caught in the depression and is still struggling on alone toward the $5,000 goal.

The Bronsons, who resented the notoriously high rents of a university town, bought an old farmhouse a mile out in the country. There were only wood stoves to warm the rooms; there was no electricity and no plumbing. They installed a gasoline pump and secured the plumbing but they still have to light the house with kerosene lamps and cook on a wood range. Nine out of ten of the people who have commented on their venture say, "How can they ever live with no furnace and no electricity?"

Yet these same people are forever complaining because they can't get ahead. They buy sweetbreads at 80 cents a pound, saying that it really isn't extravagant because there is no waste. That also applies to Hamburg at fifteen cents a pound, but they would be insulted if you told them so. They buy a new model car every year because it's "really cheaper" than to let their old car reach the point where it needs repairs. Our modest six-year-old buggy has cost us in those six years less than a third the car expenditures of these neighbors.

Even day laborers have forgotten such simple arts as that of walking. One Saturday noon, a young man who had been installing our furnace asked to use the telephone. He called his sister downtown and said, "I hate to have you wake Jim, but I'm way out at Forest Home. Could he drive out and get me?" Jim was a night watchman who slept in the day-

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time. We live a mile from the streetcar line. I had regularly walked that mile four times a day when I was taking work at the college. The streetcar would have taken him to the center of town or beyond for eight cents, and if he hadn't the eight cents he had the afternoon before him and could have walked down in half an hour. Friends of K. say to him frequently, "Oh, you live way out in Forest Home. You must have to drive to class." He walks the distance in twelve minutes. These same friends play golf for exercise.

A student who had been a track man in prep school was planning to enter our college. His mother investigated for him the rooming situation. She finally turned down the offer of a very good room because it was half a mile from the campus and her son couldn't walk that distance to classes.

Some of my friends shamefacedly wear silk stockings with runs in them during their mornings at home, in order to cut their stocking bills. I brazenly wear cotton stockings, without runs in them, during those same mornings. It is a dark secret, but cotton and lisle stockings are still extant, and they wear several times as long as silk ones. They don't look as trim or as plutocratic, but, between a silk stocking with runs and a cotton stocking without, I prefer the latter. My stocking bill, as a result, has been almost negligible.

Sometimes You Pay for Happiness

All these are little things, but they add up into startling totals and often they spell the difference between contentment and despair. If a person becomes so tied to material comforts and labor savers and luxuries that he is miserable without them, he ceases to be a free man. He can never dare take a big chance for happiness, because of fear for his standard of living.

John and Olive, an engaged couple, have had everything they could desire from the time they were babies. Then the depression took away the incomes of both their families. John, a college graduate, has a job at $20 a week. They have decided to get married on that and to live on it. I pity those youngsters, not because it can't be done but because they are so utterly unprepared for it. They spend money as naturally and as often as they breathe. Whether they can laugh when the money runs low and stretch it to cover their greatest needs, no one knows. With their upbringing, it will be a miracle if they can.

A while ago I overheard a negress coaxing her errand-boy husband to give her his last dollar to buy frosted corn on the cob (in January) for their supper. She got the dollar. Relief workers tell of women on relief taking money allotted for food to buy permanent waves, of families destitute of clothing and furniture but with electric refrigerators in the kitchens, of boys using their only few dollars to pay first installments on cars and fill them up with gasoline, of men on $15-a-week salaries buying their wives diamond rings for Christmas on the plan of $1 down and 50 cents a week. Such instances seem absurd or pathetic in people of such circumstances, but they are merely illustrations of a good American tradition that finds plenty of illustration in ditch diggers, clerks, stenographers, college professors, the directors of big business, and whomever else you can think of.

If people can have their fur coats, their electric gadgets, their streamlined cars, and their frosted corn in January and have, besides, whatever else they need for happiness, they will all live pleasant and comfortable lives. They may get a little bored, at times, and disillusioned because they can find nothing new to give them a thrill but they will never be inconvenienced by kerosene lights or weary of washing clothes on their knees before tin bathtubs. But, if their budgets are small and they want something as absurdly romantic as marriage, a home and family, they must be willing to pay what it costs. When money comes, if it ever does, people who have chosen to share such experiences know precisely what money is worth and what it isn't worth, what it can buy and what it can never buy. They will tell you that the game is worth the candle and that they have never been bored.

Next Month:
A challenging debate in which Pearl Buck takes issue with a father disillusioned with his children

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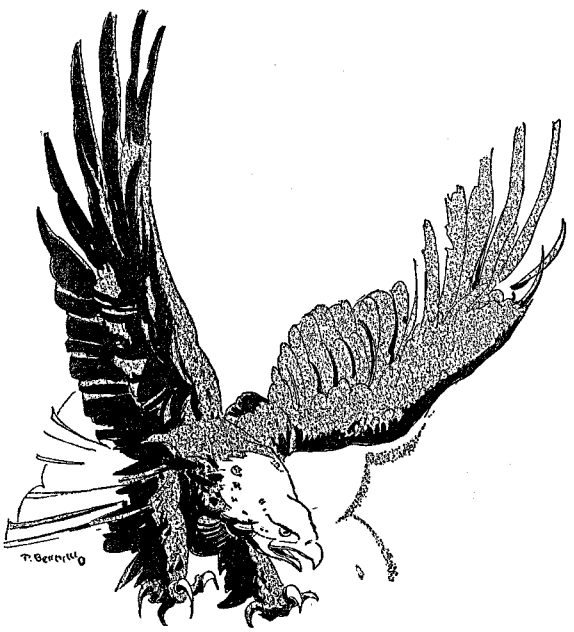
Are We Going Communist?

A Debate

I—America Rejects Communism

***by* EVERETT DEAN MARTIN**



A MAN is known by the dilemmas he keeps. Communist propagandists in America are the victims of a viciously false dilemma. They have deluded themselves into believing that the American people must inevitably decide whether this nation is to be communist or fascist. This is like asking an innocent man whether he prefers to spend his life in Sing Sing or Dannemora. This entire dilemma is based on two fallacies — first, that liberal democracy is dead and, second, that there is a real difference between communism and fascism.

Apparently there is most violent antagonism between communists and fascists, but it is a verbal and accidental difference, rather than a conflict of basic principles. Communism and fascism have in common three fundamental principles, all so destructive of the values of modern civilization that once their principles are established it makes little difference which pressure group puts them into operation. These principles in which communists and fascists agree are (1) revolution, (2) the dictatorship of a faction, (3) the corporate state.

Communism and fascism are both, wherever they appear, revolutionary movements. Both hold that the existing forms of constitutional government, the liberal state, must be destroyed. Both advocate resort to violence as a means of establishing the control of a desperate minority faction over the entire community. Both hold that the bullying and terrorism necessary to such revolutionary behavior are justified on the ground that the revolutionary party is the self-appointed representative of the masses. They differ as to the terms they use for the masses. The fascists prefer to speak of the masses as "the nation"; the communists prefer the name "proletariat." Both alike would exterminate the "bourgeois liberals." It is necessary only to study the revolutionary techniques of these rival groups to see that the techniques are the same and are derived from the same source. The procedure is to build up a political party which is to become a state within the state, to force the liberals to compromise themselves by concessions granted under pressure, to organize the revolutionary party with military regimentation under one central committee, to force the party central committee on the nation as its government and concentrate in its hands all executive, legislative, judicial, and military power.

Communists would persuade us that fascist or Nazi dictatorship is that of the big reactionary capitalists, while that of the communists is a dictatorship of all the workers and so a dictatorship of the great mass of the nation. Neither argument has the support of fact. Fascist and Nazi leaders may have had at the

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beginning the support of a few capitalists, but the great majority of industrialists in both Germany and Italy were, according to communist theory as well as in fact, "bourgeois liberals" and supported neither fascists nor communists but the *status quo*. Industrialists in Italy and Germany soon discovered that they had lost under dictatorship all constitutional and legal guarantees of the rights of private property. This is not surprising, for there are no rights under a dictatorship. Moreover, it should not be forgotten that Mussolini is a former socialist and that the Nazis are National Socialists.

On the other hand, it is not true that communism means the dictatorship of the workers. It is a dictatorship over the workers by a gang of radical politicians who themselves love Labor and hate work. Russian communism was not in fact established by a spontaneous uprising of the working class but by a conspiracy in which Bolshevik politicians manipulated a force made up of deserting soldiers and land-hungry peasants. The workers rule in name only. Communist bureaucracy is daily entrenching the rule of a new class of labor politicians over the mass of Russian workers.

II

Communists, Marx included, have never been consistent as to what they mean by the word *proletariat*. Are peasants and farmers workers, or are they not? If they are, why were the best peasants of Russia disfranchised and "liquidated"? When communists want the support of farmers, they say farmers are part of the oppressed working class. When they plan to organize communist dictatorship, they limit the working class to such of the revolutionary urban proletariat as are members of the Communist Party. At present in America, largely because Marx 85 years ago advised communists to make common cause with peasants who were then in revolt against the last vestiges of feudalism, communists have organized a Farmer-Labor Party. And this on the assumption that the independent American farmer is a peasant! This farmer-labor party is a false face worn by the farmers of Union Square, New York. American farmers will not be taken in by such disguise. They do not invite for themselves the fate of the Russian kulaks.

Neither does communism represent the organized workers of America. The American worker is neither class-conscious nor is he revolutionary. The longer democracy endures, the more "bourgeois" becomes the mind of the worker. He sends his children to high school, along with the children of other groups; he has bourgeois ambitions; he enjoys bourgeois movies; he wants to have his own home and motorcar — and many thousands do. He is a superpatriot. He votes for the New Deal or for the protective tariff and he reads the Hearst papers.

Americans have never known here the inherited and traditional class distinctions that prevail in many countries. Economic differences, even bitter conflicts, are not uncommon, but Americans resent the very idea of class. The first serious attempt of labor politicians to dictate to the American people would arouse all groups from coast to coast.

You cannot put dictatorship over on a nation with a Puritan background. Our people have learned from the united opinion of the great political teachers of the English-speaking world — Hobbes, Locke, Hume, Burke, Adam Smith, Jefferson, Jackson, Lincoln — that dictatorship is tyranny, the worst of all forms of government. They have had ample opportunity to see how dictatorship works in both Nazi Germany and communist Russia — concentration camps, nightly arrests, innocent people held without trial, condemned by revolutionary tribunes without opportunity to know what they are accused of or who is the accuser, cruel and unusual punishments, terror, suspicion, and favoritism. I would remind communists that we have a Bill of Rights in this country, formulated to prevent precisely the inevitable practices of all dictatorships. If you think that Americans do not prize the Bill of Rights, just try to take it away from them. I note that communists are among the first to seek the protection of this Bill of Rights whenever their right to make radical propaganda is challenged.

Finally, communism, like fascism, means a corporate state — all for the state and nothing outside the state. In this respect the two are becoming more alike every month — that is, both are forms of state capitalism. Now many Americans, both rich and poor I regret to say, would like to live on the Government of the

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United States at somebody else's expense. But the bulk of American people has a deep-rooted fear and suspicion of the extension of the power of government. Americans have more often than not abused the creed of individualism, but they are at heart individualists, especially so when government attempts to regulate them.

III

THE DILEMMA of fascism or communism is therefore a false dilemma. Americans have no intention of making choice between these evils, nor is American liberalism a middle-of-the-road position between tweedledee and tweedledum. We are not on that road at all, for it is a road which would lead to our destruction.

Communists too naïvely assume that liberalism in the United States is dead. I think they have been misled, for it is true that the name *liberal* has been appropriated by people who are not liberals at all — people with no background of historical knowledge and no roots in American life, advocates of magical economics of "abundance," disciples of the late Mark Hanna, or Rousseauist romanticists who hope for a society in which men may "be good without effort and just without virtue." Communists and false liberals forget that our people have a history of struggle for constitutional liberty which goes back to the thirteenth century. This is the cultural inheritance of all English-speaking peoples. It is our distinctive contribution to modern civilization since the Renaissance. Perhaps liberalism was dead in Russia, Italy, Germany — in fact it had never time enough in those nations really to live. But it has had time with the English-speaking peoples, and it should be remembered that all over the world in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, wherever men have struggled for freedom, the ideas for which they struggled were the ideas of the English-speaking peoples — parliamentary government, a demand that the ruling power obey the law, and a bill of rights. It is sheer dogmatism to say that these principles are merely evolved in the interests of the ruling capitalist class. They existed long before there were any capitalists and will doubtless exist long after there are any communists for they are the political expression of a philosophy of human relationships which history has shown again and again is the only alternative to tyranny, stagnation, and terror. With these ideas has come all the progress of the modern world — industrial, scientific, educational. Liberalism is not dead so long as any considerable number of Americans still insists on assuming the responsibility of adulthood and on doing its own thinking. To say that such liberalism is dead is to say that modern civilization is dead. In that case, of course, the communists are, as Marx once said, "grave diggers."

Out on the California desert in August one frequently sees a rattlesnake which to the tenderfoot looks dead. Natives have learned to be very sure the snake is dead before they try to pick it up and "take it over." Americans are, as nations go, a tolerant people. They will put up with a great deal of disturbing radical propaganda, but do not try to "take them over." The evidence is strong that Americans do not want communism.

II — Communism Is on the Way

by **EARL BROWDER**

MR. MARTIN takes the easy way to find the answer that he wants to this question. If he had been writing in the early 1770's, he could have made the same case against American independence. In the days when the issue of independence was maturing, no doubt the overwhelming majority, if asked to vote for or against a long revolutionary war against the mother country, would have voted against. Today, when the vast majority of our popula-

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tion has not yet faced the issue fundamentally, it is easy to prove that Americans do not want communism or socialism (which is really what communists propose as the next stage of social development).

The question really is whether Americans desire deeply such things as the present capitalist system cannot or will not give them and whether their struggle for these things will finally lead them to socialism. To such a formulation of the question, I would answer unequivocally, "Yes."

Mr. Martin evades a crucial question, when he ignores the Communist Party declaration that today the issue is democracy vs. fascism, that the issue is not socialism vs. capitalism or communism vs. fascism. He puts into our mouth this last slogan, which we have definitely repudiated as the immediate issue. That makes his task easier, but only at the expense of completely falsifying the question.

Communists in America and in every country where traditional democratic institutions are endangered by the rise of fascism are completely on the side of democracy against fascism, up to the point of unhesitatingly laying down their lives for democracy.

We do not say that democracy is dead; but we do say that the upper circles of monopoly capital have decided to try to kill it, that they have turned to fascism. We point out Hearst in the United States, together with the Liberty League, whose strategy has been adopted by the Republican Party, as the example of the fascist trend in our country. Mr. Martin's "three fundamental principles," which he says are common to fascism and communism, are only three further confusions. Communists most emphatically are *not* advocates of violence as a means to the "control of a desperate minority faction over the entire community"; communists have always warned that violence comes from the desperate minority of reactionaries against the mass of the people. For communists, the "principle" of revolution was taught in its entirety by the Declaration of Independence, by Thomas Jefferson and Tom Paine, and all we have had to add has been the deeper understanding of the role of classes, the forces of production, and the details of modern society.

Communists do not advocate the dictatorship of a faction. They advocate the widest democracy: universal suffrage; direct and secret election of all government officials, including the judiciary; equality of representation; the principle of recall and referendum; the equality of peoples; unconditional freedom of worship, speech, press, and assemblage; and governmental guarantee of work, education, and leisure to every citizen. If Mr. Martin can identify these principles under a single heading with the fascist terroristic dictatorship and with the corporate state, on behalf of monopoly capital, then his principles are elastic enough to cover with equal validity any kind of combination he might desire to make.

I imagine there are few literate people who could agree with Mr. Martin's philosophy of history, which explains the greatest revolution of all time as the result of a "conspiracy" by a "gang of radical politicians." The only way to answer such naïveté is to refer him to the universally acknowledged control of social development (acknowledged, I emphasize, by literate circles of all classes) by forces which transcend all groups, individuals, cliques, or "conspiracies."

Similarly, Mr. Martin enormously exaggerates the powers, strength, and influence of the communists when he credits us with having created the Farmer-Labor Party movement as a part of our "conspiracy" in the United States. We can reassure Mr. Martin we are not so strong as all that. In its broader reaches, the Farmer-Labor Party movement controls one State (Minnesota), is the basis for another State administration (Wisconsin), polled 800,000 votes in another State (California EPIC movement), wrote the platform of the Demo-

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cratic Party in another State (Washington Commonwealth Federation), has the declared support of fully a third of the organized labor movement, deeply influences Labor's Non-partisan League, and gives promise of becoming one of the major national parties before 1940. This movement is involving everything that is living and growing of American democracy. It is supported and participated in by the communists, it is true, but that only proves how little Mr. Martin understands either of the communist movement or of the Farmer-Labor Party.

II

THE AMERICAN people have created a tremendous system of productive forces, almost equal to that of the rest of the world combined. But the potentiality of well-being for all the people which is inherent in this tremendous national wealth is denied realization, and periodically the whole system stalls in a crisis that brings intense suffering to tens of millions. The American people are conscious of this problem, and are conscious that its source is the monopolistic ownership and control of our productive system by a small group of rich families, the monopolists, Wall Street. The rising Farmer-Labor movement is the first stage of the people's organization to resist this oligarchic supergovernment, to regain some measure of control over their own lives, and to search for a solution of the main and central problem of making machinery serve the well-being of the people instead of their degradation.

We communists believe that the majority of the people, through their experience in a Farmer-Labor movement and a Farmer-Labor government later on, will eventually come to see the truth of the communist contention, that the final solution of the problem must be the social ownership and control of the productive forces, that is, that new social and economic order known as socialism, which is the transitional stage between capitalism and communism. That change from capitalism to socialism is what is known as the revolution.

Mr. Martin thinks of revolution as the source of all evil. Thereby he involves himself in a dilemma; since Mr. Martin has informed us that a man is known by the dilemmas he keeps, this one should let us know what kind of a man is Mr. Martin. Basing himself upon the Constitution, which was produced by revolution, he argues against revolution in principle, against revolution as essentially evil and productive of nothing but evil.

The charge that communists advocate violence is merely a repetition of an old slander. It is not true. Communists do not advocate force and violence but on the contrary want to abolish it from the social world. The Communist Party is a legal party and defends its legality. Of course, communists are not pacifists; they believe in fighting when necessary to defend democracy and liberty. I am sure Mr. Martin, being a patriotic citizen, does not cross his fingers when he sings the *Star Spangled Banner* and therefore will not take issue with us on our rejection of pacifism.

But Mr. Martin has plunged into a dilemma even deeper than this one. He accepts the premise that communism is a terrible menace to American democracy; he therefore enrolls in the army of defense by attempting to prove that communism is the sum of all human stupidities, which he proceeds to refute. If communism were the stupidities he says it is, it would be no menace and not worth his valuable time to write about; if it is not and he is only slaying straw men, then his services are of little value to anyone. In either case, the question is left open as to why such an article should be written — or printed — or answered. Frankly, the only reason I have engaged to answer it is that it gives me another opportunity to refute some current misrepresentations about the Communist Party.

It is precisely such muddle-headed thinking, on the part of supposed defenders of democracy, which opens up the gates to fascism and brings all those horrible alternatives before which Mr. Martin shudders. If he and his kind were really bold and uncompromising defenders of democracy against all attacks, they would have no reason to fear the communists and could easily defeat the fascists. It is not the communists who would make the issue communism vs. fascism. We repudiate that issue as the practical question of 1936. We reject even the milder slogan of socialism vs. capitalism as the central issue of the present elections. We say that at present the dominant issue is the defense of democracy against the rising forces of reaction, fascism, and war. On

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this issue, the communists are without reservation on the side of democracy and call for the broadest united front in its defense.

We say, no, the American people are not ready to make the decisive choice of the change from capitalism to socialism (and eventual communism). But through the necessary organization and struggle to defend their living standards and democratic rights, under the conditions of a capitalist system which more and more breaks down and refuses to function, the American people will in the not distant future not only learn the necessity of socialism but will have found the power to make their choice effective. And, when the majority of Americans want socialism, they will get it, all the arguments of Mr. Martin to the contrary notwithstanding. So long as he thinks the majority will not want socialism, he has nothing to worry about.

III—Rebuttal by Mr. Martin

It appears to the kind of man Mr. Browder correctly suspects me to be that he has not answered my arguments but has instead indulged in rather irrelevant propaganda. He himself admits that "the only reason I have engaged to answer it is that it gives me another opportunity to refute some current misrepresentations about the Communist Party." It further appears to my "muddle-headed thinking" that Mr. Browder's propagandist interest has led him to make certain statements which are contrary to fact. He says, "The charge that communists advocate violence is merely a repetition of an old slander. . . . Communists do not advocate violence." But Lenin said in *The State and Revolution:*

> The liberation of the oppressed class is impossible not only without violent revolution but also without the destruction of the apparatus of state powers. . . . The state . . . must be replaced by a special repressive force of the proletariat for the suppression of the bourgeoisie.

That bloodshed is contemplated is indicated in the following quotation from the same book:

> The suppression of the minority of exploiters by the majority of wage slaves of yesterday is a matter comparatively so easy, simple, and natural that it will call for less *bloodshed* [italics mine] than the suppression of the uprising of slaves, serfs, and wage laborers.

Marx said in the *First Address of the Central Committee of the Communist League of Germany:* "The arming of the whole proletariat with muskets, rifles, cannon, and munitions must be carried on immediately." I could quote hundreds of such passages from the writings of the leaders of communism. The record of the communists in Russia is further evidence on the point. Trotsky, in the *History of the Russian Revolution*, boasts of his success in arming the proletariat in the coup d'état of March 25, 1917.

Again Mr. Browder objects to my reference to the part played in communist revolution by "conspiracy." Trotsky on the contrary (*History of the Russian Revolution*, chapter on the "Art of Insurrection") says:

> An element of conspiracy almost always enters to some degree into any insurrection. . . . The higher the political level of a revolutionary movement and the more serious its leadership, the greater will be the place occupied by conspiracy in a popular revolution. . . . In order to conquer the power the proletariat needs more than a spontaneous insurrection. It needs a suitable organization, it needs a plan, it needs a conspiracy.

If this does not mean the advocacy of violence by faction, what then does it mean?

When communists say they do not advocate violence, the most favorable construction of their words is that it will not be they but those whom they intend to expropriate who will start violence in the effort to protect property and social order and their own lives. Communists will of course be carefully prepared to meet force with force and thus maintain their dictatorship. But violence is the very nature of such dictatorship, and Marx and Lenin did not deny it. Moreover, the whole argument, placing the blame for inevitable bloodshed on the intended victims, is as if an armed burglar

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should enter your house and say, "Now I do not desire bloodshed. It is you who will be responsible for any violence if you resist my benevolent will to destroy you and seize your property."

II

MR. BROWDER says, "Communists are completely on the side of democracy." This statement is a little unconvincing in view of the fact that the Russian communists gained power by stabbing a provisional government in the back on the very eve of a constitutional convention elected by a universal suffrage of the Russian people — and, by the way, after the Communist candidates had been defeated six to one. Stranger still, these passionately democratic communists are even now supporting the Stalin dictatorship after seventeen years in the only nation where communism prevails!

Everywhere in classic communist writings one finds hostility to the "bourgeois" democratic state. Says Lenin: "The State in general, i.e., the most complete democracy, can only wither away." When communists speak of democracy they do not mean constitutional, liberal civil government. They mean only the dictatorship of the armed proletariat or, rather, their own party dictatorship over the proletariat, with its concentration camps, revolutionary tribunals, and "liquidation of class enemies." The present smiling championship of democracy by communists should cause liberals to exclaim, "Grandma, what big teeth you have!" This alleged conversion to democracy is all a part of a revolutionary technique taught by Marx and followed by communists whenever they happen to need liberal support. It is called a "united" or "people's" front. The plan is to combine with the liberals against an exaggerated menace of the immediate challenge of fascism. Then, when the liberals are committed, the communists will compromise them and let them down. I quote from the Marx letter again:

> As soon as it becomes necessary to fight such an enemy directly, the interests of both parties fall together for the moment. . . . The workers must counteract, above all things, and in so far as it is at all possible, bourgeois appeals for peace.

Then, once the liberal democrats are committed:

> Instead of letting themselves out to the bourgeois democrats to serve them as a sort of applauding choir, the workers (and above all the [communist] League) must work for an independent secret and open organization of the workers' party, side by side with the official democrats. . . . Compel the democrats to encroach as far as possible on the existing system of society in order to interfere with its regular development. . . . They [the communists] must simultaneously erect their own revolutionary government hard by the new official government. . . . In order that the workers should be able to oppose the democratic petty bourgeoisie with force, it is necessary above all that they should be independently organized . . . under a dictatorship functioning from a central point in the movement.

This was the strategy used in Russia in 1917, and it resulted in the mass murder of democratic Russia. It is the strategy now being employed by communists in Spain and France and it is the real meaning of the present masquerade of communists in America.

This is also the cause of the present interest of communists in the Farmer-Labor party. I did not mean to say that the communists had created this party. I do say that they are trying to chisel into it in order to grasp its leadership in 1940.

Mr. Browder may believe he has diverted attention from my argument by holding that I, who dislike revolution, nevertheless support the Constitution of the United States "which was produced by revolution." Mr. Browder is mistaken. The constitution was not produced by revolution. The so-called American Revolution was not a social revolution but a struggle for national independence. That struggle added very little to the principles set forth in the Constitution of the United States. As *The Federalist* asserted, practically every provision in it is to be found in the constitutions of the several States, many of which existed long before the American revolution.

Mr. Browder speaks of my "worry" about communism. I have never been thrown in a panic of fear lest communists gain control of America. I do not believe they are the stuff of which rulers are made. But I confess to some concern over the spirit and tone of communist propaganda. Such a spirit tends to divide people into factions, drive them to opposite extremes, force sensible men to take sides on issues which are at best half-true, and cause the community to lose its judgment. This sort of thing has happened wherever communists have made their presence felt.

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Ladies in Politics

The Gentle Experiment

Decorations by Clare Leighton *Courtesy of the Macmillan Co.*

***by* JOHN GORDON ROSS**

1. The right of citizens of the United States to vote shall not be denied or abridged by the United States or by any State on account of sex.
2. Congress shall have power, by appropriate legislation, to enforce this article.

THE ADOPTION of the above amendment to the Constitution in 1920 was the culmination of the long campaign for "votes for women". Who remembers now the embattled suffragettes, with their parades, their mass meetings, and their hunger strikes? Where are the petitions with the millions of signatures which they obtained? What has become of the girls of 1919 who bullied Congress into passing their amendment? They have had the right to vote for sixteen years; what have they done with it?

The ladies promised that, if only they got the right to vote, everything would be different. There would be no more corrupt city politics, no more demagogues elected to office, no more boss rule. The political parties would not only be cleaned up, but they would be forced to stand for definite, distinguishable policies, since the ladies would never be satisfied with the tweedledum-tweedledee politics which had been good enough for the men. And, besides, the ladies had better social consciences than the men, who were interested chiefly in money grubbing; when votes for women came, we were assured, progressive legislation, especially legislation protecting children, would be enacted in every State.

First, what have been the results of woman suffrage in city government? Can anyone point to a single boss who has been overthrown by women? If the women have ousted one anywhere, the fact has escaped public attention. They have the votes to do it any time that they like, but the call of the bridge table seems to be stronger than the call of the precinct meeting. As far as the record goes, the ladies of Chicago — except, perhaps, the school-teachers — liked the antics of Big Bill Thompson as well as the men did. The men and the women both got tired of his capers at the same time. It must be assumed that the women of Kansas City like Boss Tom Pendergast — otherwise they would get rid of him; and, if the women of New York really disliked Tammany, the Hall could never win another election.

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Babies and Bosses

If anything, the ladies like boss rule rather better than the men. They do not mind being bossed if the boss makes an adroit appeal to their sentiment. Take Mayor Hague of Jersey City as a good example. His Honor was boss before the women got the vote, and his strength is greater today than ever. The tax rate in Jersey City may be high, but look at the wonderful children's hospital, named for the Mayor's mother! The streets may be dirty, but think of the work for crippled children! The police force may be full of politics, but isn't Jersey City moral? In the Mayor's own words, it is the "most moralest city" in America. The Mayor may indulge in a few fast ones on Election Day, but he is satisfactory to the women of Jersey City while he keeps his family life pure. Why, he does not drink or even smoke! It does not matter where he got his great personal fortune when he can make speeches telling about how he kept first-offender boys from going to the reform school.

Mayor Hague has kept his influence with the ladies of Jersey City not only because he makes skillful appeals to their sentiment but also because, in common with all American politicians, he gives them "recognition" — that is, he has women on honorific and impotent political committees; he appoints some women to political jobs; and, what is almost like appointment, he lets some women, if they are faithful party workers, run for office. Among the eleven members of the legislature for his county, he always sends one woman to Trenton and he has sent to Congress for some years Mrs. Mary T. Norton, who, as Chairman of the Committee on the District of Columbia, has been called the "Mayor of Washington." According to all reports, she has done a good job; and Mayor Hague is happy, no doubt, that any good-government ideas she may have are kept 200 miles from Jersey City. Her work in Washington, however, gives her something to talk about before the women's clubs.

The Male behind the Throne

Behind almost every woman in politics is a man who may be a boss, a father, a husband, or even the memory of a husband. Behind Josephine Roche is Senator Edward P. Costigan. Behind Ma Ferguson was Pa Ferguson, and the qualities Ma displayed as Governor of Texas were surprisingly like those displayed by her impeached husband. Senator Hattie Caraway was sent to the Senate to fill her late husband's seat, but she owed her election in 1932 to the incredible Huey Long and, thereafter, according to Huey, she did his bidding in the Senate. Ruth Bryan Owen Rhode is Minister to Denmark not because of anything she ever did but because her father was William Jennings Bryan. By and large, women get to the top in American politics because of the influence of some man, and widows seem to have the best chance.

It may be well to mention at this point and get it over with three exceptional women in public life: Josephine Roche, Florence Allen, and Frances Perkins, and the greatest of these is Perkins. Miss Perkins is not only the first woman to be a member of the cabinet; she is also the greatest secretary of labor — she is as far above her predecessor as Cleveland was above Hayes. Miss Roche probably has great qualities, to judge from what she has done so far, but she is not yet eminently distinguished. Florence Allen is a competent jurist, better probably than many men judges, but she is not the feminine Justinian that the writers in the women's magazines have made her appear; she is notable because she is the one woman among thousands of women lawyers who has become a member of a State supreme court. These women are outstanding because they are exceptional, as *Fortune* said of the women who

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have succeeded in business. What is really amazing is that in these sixteen years so few, out of the millions of women of voting age, have attained eminence.

With the exceptions noted, the record of women in office has not been distinguished. Not one woman governor has done anything notable; not one has been of sufficient stature to cast a shadow over her own State line. There have been more women in Congress; what have they done? Can any one point to a single important statute sponsored by a women member? Is there a Norton Act, an O'Day Act, a Caraway Act? We might have expected them to fight for pure food and drug bills, but the only important bill in recent years has been Senator Copeland's. We might have supposed that they would have been intensely interested in labor legislation, because of their special social consciences; but Senator Wagner has introduced all the significant labor bills. Has any woman member of either house fought for a constitutional amendment to overcome the decision of the Supreme Court in the New York minimum-wage case? If so, the sounds of battle have not been heard beyond Chevy Chase. The women members of Congress seem to be, on the whole, faithful if somewhat bewildered partisans, doing what they are told to do. The record of women in State legislatures is not impressive, and in local offices the record goes clear down to the lady sheriff from whose jail at Crown Point, Indiana, Dillinger escaped with a wooden gun. But, if women have held their offices with only here and there a trace of statesmanship, they have usually been honest. Only a woman secretary of state in New York stands out as an exception.

Dame Bureaucrat

The personal traits of women officials are not those of the traditional heavy-paunched, jovial male politician; rather, the lady officials are like the prim old-maid schoolteachers of our youth: precise, rule-bound, unimaginative, opening the office promptly at the appointed minute and closing it just as promptly. With superiors they are obedient and reliable; with inferiors they tend to be fussy and exacting. After a few years, they come to regard their offices as private domains where members of the taxpaying public intrude at their own risk. The worst are the women who hold their jobs under civil service; the men civil servants (*civil* in this sense is to be distinguished, I hardly need add, from *polite* or *courteous*) are bad enough, but the Lord preserve me, a mere citizen, from having to do business with a woman official. Women officials seem much sooner than men to become swelled with a little brief authority. They seem to enjoy the petty tyrannies that their offices permit them, as some women seem to enjoy teaching school only because they can then rule somebody. The women who have had administrative jobs caring for the unfortunate in the last few years have become more case-hardened than deputy wardens; it was a Miss Helen McCormick, a social worker in New Jersey, who made the headlines a few months ago by announcing that the unemployed in New Jersey were being adequately cared for by the municipalities at four cents per meal per person. Before the nineteenth amendment was adopted, the men said that voting and holding office would make women mannish, but that prophecy, like most prophecies, has not been fulfilled; rather, their new responsibilities have brought out only the

undesirable traits that women have always had.

These traits of women in office do not make them good practical politicians; they do not easily get re-elected, for they offend other women as much as they offend men. In addition to their tendency to make unnecessary enemies, women as politicians have another disadvantage in that women do not trust other women, and consequently they do not like to vote for them. If the women of Colorado had trusted Josephine Roche, she would be governor today and very likely, since she is an exceptional woman, she would have been a

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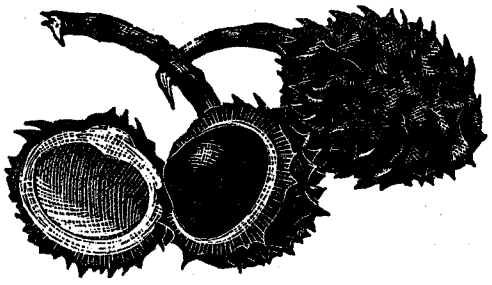
better governor than the man who defeated her.

What the Ladies Like

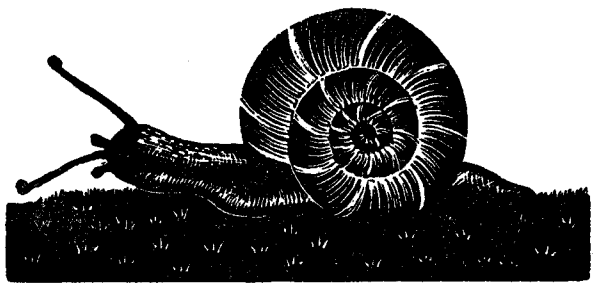
Even more important than their personal traits in office or the distrust of them by other women, their paucity of political ideas has held women back in politics. What political theory has a woman ever advanced? If only two of the myriad of religions have been started by women — and those two not very important — no significant political movement whatever owes its inception to a woman. Women simply are not generally interested in politics. They do not talk politics, as men do. Men talk politics wherever they are: in the corner cigar store, at union meetings, at luncheon clubs, in saloons, in country stores, even on street corners. But women talk bridge, clothes, children, movies, or personalities. Watch a woman open a newspaper. Does she read first the big political news of the day? No, she turns first to the society and the women's pages, where she gets the latest information about what Mrs. Smith-Brown wore at the Derby. Women love all the divorce and scandal news, particularly that which comes from Hollywood, and the editors know it. Pressing political problems interest women less than the Lindbergh kidnaping or the Astor divorce case.

This political uninterestedness is not confined to women at any one educational or economic level; in colleges the co-eds take to English literature in droves and to music, French, and pedagogy in somewhat smaller numbers, while women in courses in political science are almost as scarce as women engineers. They may learn to ask in perfect French, "What's on at the movies?" but they know little and care not at all about the great political movements of our day. Both of the major political parties have women's divisions, headed by good partisan ladies, but neither party has been able to get the women very much interested. Not that they make any difference particularly, but we may note for the record that the Director of the Women's Division of the Democratic National Committee is a Miss Mary W. Dewson and the Director of the Women's Division of the Republican Committee is one Mrs. Robert Lincoln Hoyal. I hope I have their names spelled right.



When women are at all interested in politics they are interested in personalities. There is no way of proving it, but I will venture the assertion that more women voted for Hoover because they thought Katie Smith would not look well in the White House than because they wanted the nation to be headed by a Great Engineer. Many women dislike Franklin D. Roosevelt because Mrs. Roosevelt runs about the country making speeches, visiting model settlements, and talking to miners' wives. The ladies feel that she is undignified. The women of Pennsylvania felt the same way about Mrs. Gifford Pinchot when her husband was governor. Women are less tolerant than men of personal eccentricities in public officials; they do not get excited about graft, for they tend to think that charges of corruption are only political accusations made by men who are no better than the men who are accused, but women voters will not stand for family irregularities. It was said that Tammany Hall supported Jimmy Walker through all the charges that were made against his public record but that it threw him to the wolves when the tabloids began to notice his friendship with Betty Compton, for the Tammany leaders knew that the women of New York City would put up with anything but that.

The economic basis of politics is more important today than ever before, and what economic ideas do the ladies have? They followed Huey Long in his weird share-the-wealth campaign in much the same numbers as did the men, and today Father Coughlin and Dr. Townsend have at least as many women dis-



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ciples as they have men. Has there been any woman who has stood out as a leader in opposing these economic absurdities? Here again, what opposition there has been has come from men. If women are weak on political ideas, they are even weaker on economic; if only a handful of women has become political leaders of a sort, none has been a leader of an economic movement, sound or fallacious. If women find the problems and movements of politics dull, they find economics even duller; trade balances, reciprocity agreements, or problems of corporate practice leave them cold. There are, unfortunately, no Clark Gables among economists, and the ladies cannot even arouse an interest in the subject by way of its personalities.

We may take such comfort as we can from the knowledge that the level of economic thought among English women is no higher than it is among our own gals: witness the profound observation of Lady Astor, as quoted in THE FORUM last December*: "Christianity is discontent with yourself; socialism is discontent with your neighbor." Such amazing perspicacity should land the honorable lady a Cabinet portfolio without delay.

THE TROUBLE WITH LADY POLITICIANS

WOMEN will never succeed in politics until they are willing to play the game of practical precinct politics, and they must learn to play it as well as the men. They must do favors, buy tickets, organize clambakes and picnics. In most urban areas there are Republican and Democratic ward and precinct clubs, and almost every one of these has a ladies' auxiliary, a pallid replica of the men's club. Women do not spontaneously establish political clubs of their own; rather, the impetus for their formation comes from the men's organizations. The men have to put up the money, lend the ladies their clubhouse, and work as hard as the women to keep the organization from collapsing. The leaders of the ladies' auxiliaries are usually women whose husbands are in politics for a living or who hope to be, and the membership of the clubs is made up of women whose fathers or husbands are in the men's clubs. The chief value of political clubs to the party organization is in the work of the members in getting out the vote on Election Day; each member of a club should be able to get five non–club members to the polls. But the ladies' auxiliaries do well to get their own members out, and, in general, the men are satisfied that the auxiliaries are worth preserving for only that purpose.

A woman in practical politics is like a woman throwing a baseball; she can throw it, but it does not go where she wants it, and her execution is awkward. Women can make speeches of a sort, but, since they have very few economic or political ideas, the content of the speeches is even thinner than that of most political speeches; and, since women's speaking voices are not pleasant, their delivery is not effective. The women in all human history never produced one first-rate orator, and the adoption of the nineteenth amendment did not give them this almost essential instrument of political leadership.

They lack another necessary quality of the practical politician, a broad tolerance. Women carry into their political activities the social, the economic, and especially the religious prejudices which they hold in private life. Mrs. Gallagher, the president of the Ladies' Auxiliary of the Twelfth Ward Republican Club, cannot forget that Mrs. Littleton is a Methodist; Mrs. Littleton cannot forget that Mrs. Gallagher is a Catholic; and neither of them can forget that Mrs. Ford is a Christian Scientist. Mothers who will not permit their children to play together, lest the little ones jeopardize their chances for admission into the next world, cannot be expected to get along very well among themselves in this one. The fathers are friendly enough because they usually think of religion, if they think of it at all, as a one-day-in-seven matter.

*EDITOR'S NOTE:—"*Nancy Astor, Pioneer*," *by Robert Bernays.*

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A third and the most important obstacle to women in politics is their economic dependence. Most women have no money of their own for political contributions, no business which can benefit from political favors, no employees whose votes they can control. It may be, as the feminists tell us, that this is a sad situation, but it exists, nevertheless; and woman's political power will in the future depend more upon her economic power than upon any other factor.

Women and Their Franchise

We do not have much evidence, except negative evidence, of how women vote, since women cast their ballots in the same boxes as the men. We do know, however, that only about half as many eligible women register as men; and of course they cannot vote if they fail to register. In their study of nonvoting in Chicago, Merriam and Goznell found that approximately three fourths of the nonregistered eligible voters were women. Politicians find it harder to get women than men to the polls on Election Day, particularly the young women, who do not have even a slight interest in politics.

Politicians have some ideas, probably not very accurate, about how women vote. Generally, in Frank Kent's words, they do not worry about the women, for they feel that most of them vote as their fathers or husbands vote. The survival of political machines since woman's suffrage would indicate that this feeling is probably justified. Charles Edward Russell said in 1924 that the only observable result of giving women the vote was that it had doubled the number of docile ballot droppers.

But that is a manifest exaggeration. Actually it increased them only about one fourth.

Concerning the few women who vote independently, the politicians feel that women are somewhat more conservative than men, more inclined to vote for the man in office, other things being equal, than for the man running against him. At the same time, they bear grudges longer than men, and a candidate who has offended any group of women cannot expect to get them reconciled to him for some time. Political leaders would be glad to put up more women as candidates if they thought women would vote for them as women, on the same principle by which an attempt is always made to represent on a ticket the racial, economic, and religious groups in a constituency; but the politicians know from experience that women would rather vote for a man than for a woman if the qualities of the candidates are otherwise evenly balanced. Women as women do not defend their own interests with their votes. It has long been understood among politicians that women were for Prohibition more wholeheartedly than the men and that they stood by the noble experiment longer. Since women in general are more religious than men they are more opposed to Sunday movies and Sunday baseball. With these minor exceptions, the women, if they vote at all, vote pretty much as the unreformed men do.

Have Your Fun, Girls

It would be a mistake to assume that women have been in politics only since they got the vote; they have been in politics as long as there has been politics. Their long experience at lobbying and backstairs maneuvering seems to have made them more successful at these than at party politics. Many businessmen's lobbies could learn important points of technique from that grand and glorious sisterhood, the Daughters of the American Revolution. In State after State they have put teacher's-oath bills through the legislatures and they have helped to push through criminal-syndicalism and red-flag bills. In Washington they stand for a bigger army and navy and for compulsory military training in colleges.

The sense of humor which they have may be illustrated by the immortal daughter who expressed the wish that they could get the word *revolution* out of the name of their society.

Another effective group of daughters is the Catholic Daughters of America, whose chief missions seem to be negative: keeping legislators from voting to ratify the proposed child-labor amendment and keeping them from voting for bills to sterilize the socially unfit. Women's organizations which, like the D.A.R., ride some hobby seem to be the most effective; the National Women's Party is an insignificant handful of feminists, and the League of Women Voters is a pathetic lot of good-government clubwomen, who assemble to pass resolutions about civil service or city planning but upon whom the great political and economic issues of our day make no impact whatever.

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One of the most fascinating of women's organizations is the Conference on the Cause and Cure of War; it is amazing that adults should think that, by holding annual meetings where speeches are made and resolutions passed, either the cause or the cure of war can be discovered. Merciful heavens! If talk could stop war there would not be a man under arms in the world today. But the meetings do no harm, and the ladies think that by holding them they are doing something Constructive.

There is no movement today to repeal the nineteenth amendment, and probably there ought not to be. If the women have not made good on their promises to reconstruct our governments, if they have not unseated a single boss, if the record of women in office is unimpressive, if women vote just about as their men tell them to vote, at least there is a chance, if only a chance, that some day they may take advantage of their civic opportunities and do something.

At any rate, the ladies do no harm, and some of them get a lot of fun out of politics; they feel grown up.

If the increase in the number of votes has increased the cost of elections, it is probably worth the difference to be rid of the suffragettes.

After a fair trial of sixteen years, it seems just to appraise women's suffrage as one of those reforms which, like the secret ballot, the corrupt-practices acts, the popular election of senators, and the direct primary, promised almost everything and accomplished almost nothing.

If Roosevelt Wins

by **BESSIE UPTON BROWN**

Dear Sister,

The leaves are turning here, and in a few days I shall be coming back to the city with the summer only a memory. I always dread the move, but this year especially, because of the political unpleasantness which will be agitating everybody until after November. And, even then, there is no assurance things will come back to normal, because while Mr. Landon is putting up a splendid fight (you should see how I *comb* the paper for favorable news) no one can be sure yet that Roosevelt won't win. And if Roosevelt wins. . . .!

Well, my dear, I know there is no use in writing you about that possibility; you realize the danger we are in just as much as I do and, with your many contacts at the Club, probably are even better informed (yes, I am proud of the way I keep posted way up here in the mountains on national affairs) than I myself. But sometimes it just does one good to write down how one feels about a thing, and that is what I am doing now. Last night I began to think what would happen if that man is Presi-

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dent again, and — I tell you my dear — it was midnight before I closed my eyes.

I suppose it was because I had been talking after dinner with Mr. Capper (you remember that very good-looking man who was here last summer on vacation just after one of those Senate investigations in Washington; he was staying at the Lunds — his sister, you recall, married Alfred Lund's nephew, who is Vice President of the City Finance Corporation) — well, Mr. Capper certainly did draw a terrible picture of what he called the *budget situation*. It has always been so complicated to me, with all those millions and billions of dollars changing every six months — but Mr. Capper made it perfectly clear. He used as an example a seesaw (you remember the boards we used to rock up and down on at school) and he said that Roosevelt's budget is just like a seesaw when a very heavy girl sits on one end and a very light one sits on the other. Of course it tips dangerously down toward the heavy girl. "Now," Mr. Capper said, "Roosevelt thinks he can balance the saw by forcing another girl to sit on the light side [he meant higher taxes of course], whereas any sane man would know that the real way to balance the saw was to make the heavy girl either step down or [and he laughed as he said this] reduce."

By that, of course, he didn't mean to stop all relief payments. Mr. Capper isn't that kind of a man. The poor are always with us, and of course we as good Americans are going to take care of our poor. But what he did say was (and I'm sure it's true, because just the other day a man who was tidying up around the place here stopped work because he thought he could get more from the village relief — of course, that's all done with federal money, your money, my dear, and my money) — what Mr. Capper did say was that, unless we have a real *housecleaning* in relief, this country — the country you and I have grown up in and been proud of (yes, you remember even when our

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London friends used to laugh at "American push") — this country, said Mr. Capper, is going to be in a terribly serious situation. What he called the "moral fiber" of its working masses is going to be sapped and undermined. And the people like you and me and Mr. Capper and the Lunds and, well, you know, the people who have always looked on their wealth and their position as a kind of trust to be used for the good of the less fortunate — we just aren't going to be left with a roof over our heads or a coat to our backs. And our children and our children's children will be paying the bills!

"But what can we do about it? Where can we go?" — that's what I finally asked Mr. Capper. Yes, I came straight out and asked him that. And he looked rather embarrassed and didn't seem to have a very ready answer. But last night, my dear, with that terrible picture of the seesaw going up and down, up and down, in my mind (I think I must have dreamed about the budget finally!) — last night I went over the various possibilities of what we might do if Roosevelt does get a second term. And at breakfast this morning I talked over some of them with Mr. Capper, who came over to my table for a few minutes to finish his after-breakfast cigarette. We had another good long talk together, and if it hadn't been for a particularly objectionable young man who hangs around the hotel here and who came up and interrupted us it would have been altogether delightful.

Of course, the first place I thought of was England. The English are so sane and have so much common sense — so much middle-of-the-roadness, if you know what I mean. They haven't tried any of our experiments, and Mr. Baldwin hasn't pictured himself as a football quarterback. And yet they've been coming out of the depression all along. So, of course, I suggested England, especially as father thought that some of our money should *always* remain in English bonds. But Mr. Capper shook his head. "It won't do," he said; "England won't do," and when I asked him why not, he said — no, he almost whispered — "Estate taxes." I had forgotten about those, but it seems that English taxes are even higher than ours here in America — even higher than that unconstitutional bill Roosevelt jammed through Congress at the last session. Of course, over there they have a reason for their taxes, as Mr. Capper explained. They do have a dole for their relief, but the real reason for the taxes is to keep up a large enough navy to preserve world order. "An empire on which the sun never sets is bound to have a big public debt," Mr. Capper explained. But even though that is the reason — and certainly it's a good one — the fact remains that to move to England would not at this time in Mr. Capper's view be what he calls "financially wise."

"What about France?" I asked and I told him of the lovely summers we had had along the Brittany coast, but Mr. Capper shook his head at that too. "There is a man called Blum," he said, "a Jew, who has just become Premier, and you can't depend on Blum." And then he went on to explain what I've only just seen in the headlines, how Blum has taken the Bank of France out of the hands of the old families of France who have run it so successfully for *centuries* and put it in the control of the government (just as Roosevelt is doing here, Mr. Capper pointed out) and how, when the French workers recently went on strike and literally seized the factories for themselves, how this Blum didn't do his duty at all and put them out — the way Mr. Cleveland did in our father's time when there was that Pullman strike out West — but just gave in to what the men wanted without even showing a bit of spunk or fight. "In a country like that," said Mr. Capper, "I don't believe your money would really be safe."

Of course, I had to agree with him, especially, my dear, because our inheritance — and this is a peculiar thing I've been meaning to point out to you for some time — is considerably larger than I had imagined. I asked the Trust Company for a statement just the other day, and you really would be amazed to see how stocks have gone up in the last three years. Perhaps it's what Mr. Capper calls inflation, but, whatever that may be, the fact remains that we are — it's a vulgar word, and I hate to use it — well, yes, *richer* than we were three years ago. If we only could be sure now of a conservative administration — someone like Coolidge — what a blessing it would be!

But I'm drifting away from the point, because of course with all this federal money pouring out into relief and corruption we can't expect too much this year. And so when Mr.

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Capper ruled out both France and England as places to go to — the countries I've always depended on, as it were — why I *was* at a loss. And it was just then that the young man whom I spoke of a few pages back (I really must wind up this letter) came up to Mr. Capper and said good morning. It seems he is a distant cousin or something of the kind and is studying law at Columbia. Mr. Capper said as a kind of joke — you know the way he does like a quiet jest — that we were trying to think of the safest country in Europe — the safest politically and, of course, the safest financially. Did he have any ideas on the subject? Well, you know youth always has ideas! I suppose it's the function of youth to have ideas. But this young man did seem to me particularly objectionable. For do you know what he said? He said — and he said it without so much as thinking — "Why not Russia?" Well, you can imagine how Mr. Capper reacted to that! And then he and this very objectionable young man got into a long argument about Russian bonds and redeeming gold and our devaluation, and how if one had bought Russian bonds in 1932 one would have kept all one's money safe and gotten seven per cent (yes, 7%) besides.

But the whole thing was just too ridiculous. I kept listening with one ear, of course, but all the time I was thinking over different countries we might go to in case we have to. Spain, Italy, Germany — I went over them all, and not one of them seemed particularly safe to me just now, until I suddenly thought of Switzerland. So I brought up Switzerland, and right away Mr. Capper and the young man seemed interested. Mr. Capper said that the Swiss were very sound men indeed. And the young man said that in troubled times Switzerland had always sheltered foreign people. Mr. Capper wondered if the French aristocracy hadn't gone there during the French Revolution and the Russian aristocracy during the Russian Revolution. The young man said he didn't know about that but he did know that a man called Lenin had gone there just before the Russian Revolution and that Switzerland had sheltered and protected him. And as he said that he winked at me!

Now, I suppose, my dear, that that young boy just thought he was being funny. But if there is one thing in the world I cannot stand, it is *winking*. And winking at a remark like that! Mr. Capper thought it was going too far too. He cleared his throat — you know the way he does before he is about to give one of his brief talks. But the young man got up then and said he must go but wondered if Mr. Capper wouldn't play some golf that afternoon. Mr. Capper was just speechless, and the young man walked away not knowing, I suppose, how rude he really had been.

After that I turned to Mr. Capper and asked him straight out how he could explain that such a fine-looking young fellow — a cousin of his after all, although I must say that branch of the family never did measure up to the rest of the Cappers, socially I mean — could turn out so poorly. Mr. Capper said it must be the educational system. He said you simply can't find a school or college in the country that doesn't teach socialism or communism or some other kind of *ism* and that all this has come about — just as I would have expected — since Roosevelt has been President. Mr. Capper went on to give a regular talk on what he called "the disease of *isms*." I won't repeat the whole thing to you here, but the point is that the teaching of *isms* is entirely un-American and foreign. It has no place in our country at all, according to Mr. Capper, because what it does — and he was very emphatic about this — is to undermine all the patriotism and the fine old Americanism on which you and I — and Mr. Capper — were brought up.

And so, you see, that is the final reason why if Roosevelt wins you and I have simply got to do something — do something radical, I was about to say. Because, in addition to the reckless spending and the corruption and the budget and all the rest, this *ism* disease will go on spreading, until — as Mr. Capper says — "it will engulf and enmesh us all." All of us, that is, who aren't wise enough to pack our bags and trunks. That is why I'm so glad we've decided on a plan — you do agree, don't you? — because nowadays I think every individual should really plan ahead. Switzerland! — even though it did take in Lenin, which I can't really believe. I shouldn't be surprised if we can arrange our letters of credit as we did in the old days through Paris. And, of course — if Mr. Capper should happen to come along too — he can arrange for all those details.

With love,

BESSIE

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Life and Literature

The Solitary Life

by **MARY M. COLUM**

In a curious way all the books before me, of the kind that is classified as nonfiction, either have a religious background or deal with religious experience or derivatives of religious experience. This is the case not only of Professor John MacMurray's Structure of Religious Experience (Yale, $1.50) and Helen Waddell's Desert Fathers (Holt, $2.50) but even of such a book as H. G. Wells's Anatomy of Frustration (Macmillan, $2.00), the product of a peculiarly secular mind, whose ideas of sin are founded on what might be called the biologically harmful, the hygienically harmful, or the sociologically harmful.

Religion, according to the dictionary, is a "belief binding the spiritual nature of man to a supernatural being . . . together with the feelings and practices which naturally flow from such a belief." However, this is not what religion means for Professor MacMurray or H. G. Wells. Religion, MacMurray says, is the "reflective aspect of a universal human experience, the experience of living in relation to one another. . . . The field of personal relationships is the field of religion." This does not differ greatly from Wells's conclusion uttered through his mouthpiece, Steele, in *The Anatomy of Frustration*. This personage, who represents the most up-to-date projection of Wells, considers that the rule of life should be self-identification with the whole of life.

> That means in conduct that behavior is shaped so that its main conception is the co-operative rendering and development of experience and the progressive development in the whole race of a co-ordinated will to continue and to expand.

All very fine and practical, and MacMurray and Wells are both miracles of common sense, but they leave out one component of religion, and that is ecstasy. Ecstasy, whether common to all mankind or not or whether operating for the greatest good of the greatest number, is a necessary component of all high human experiences of whatever order. Some of the saints and some of Helen Waddell's desert fathers have left it on record that the ecstasy of religion is greater than that of all other kinds. Both Wells and Professor MacMurray have that common contemporary attitude of mind in dealing with religion; they are, as it were, grammarians of religion. *The Structure of Religious Experience* is a grammar of religion and has the same relation to religion that a grammar has to a book of high poetry; that is, it has a fundamental relation, a necessary relation but one that leaves out everything that has to do with height and depth.

Here is Professor MacMurray's fundamental:

> All human co-operation is necessarily on a basis of mutual service which makes each of us a servant. Obviously this implies that each of us values all the others for themselves. We have to enter into fellowship with one another and so to create community.

This is undoubtedly a fundamental of all religions; and in another book before me, Mohammed, by Essad Bey (Longmans, Green, $2.50), we will see that this fellowship with one another is as much a part of Mohammed's as of the Christian creed. But this fundamental idea by itself is at once both too high and too low for the human race: too high in that it de-

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mands a comprehension of the needs of humanity, in that it presupposes a power of reasoning, foresight, and practical sense that the common man seldom has; too low in the sense that it makes no allowance for the wild flights of self-sacrifice, the fantastic idealisms that the race is capable of and that it actually demands. At the present stage of the world there is too much of an effort to reduce everything to a plane of reasonableness, common sense, and general tameness; too little allowance is being made for the interior life, for the life of the imagination that lives and struggles and makes men unhappy if it has no form of expression. All the religions, to be sure, had as part of their doctrine the MacMurray fundamental. But these up-to-date religious instructors do not promise mankind enough. Religion, literature, poetry, war, love, marriage — all have to promise something: what they all have promised in the past was some chance of ecstasy, even if only a few people ever actually attained to it. All that MacMurray's or Wells's religion promises is that at some future time there will be a sort of large, gorgeous co-operation in the human family, when we will all live in Garden Cities and be very neighborly and friendly with each other.

The Ecstasies and the Sins

We are much interested in Wells's sensible discourse on the seven deadly sins (all of which he does not consider sins) — pride, covetousness, lust, anger, gluttony, envy, sloth. But we wonder why no wise man, after a moderate experience of life, has not thought of listing the seven ecstasies. I will proceed to list them myself: love, war, self-sacrifice, thought (in which is included the making of poems and philosophies), the contemplation of offspring, the pursuit of God or the Supreme Good, swift motion. The human race may, now and again, in time of stress, give up its ecstasies, but it will not surrender them for long; and it shows a lack of the sense of reality on the part of our instructors not to face the fact.

The writer of Vital Peace (Macmillan, $2.75), Henry Wickham Steed, in his excellently thought-out if long-winded book, was, by his experience at the front, brought to the realization of the fact that war is an ecstasy and, like all the other ecstasies, it can let loose both the good and the evil in man and can bring the individual to touch the height of life. Wickham Steed repeats the words of an American soldier as he lay wounded after a battle: "We went over the parapet at five o'clock, and I was not hit till nine; they were the greatest four hours of my life"; and this helps to bring him to the conclusion that we will never end war by arguments. After one has experienced the greatest four hours in one's life and been maimed in body or soul because of it, it is easy to be sorry or remorseful and say that war or love or thought is an illusion or even a crime. But that won't prevent others from wanting those four hours so passionately that they will heed no voice of experience but will strive toward them. If we cannot end war by arguments, neither can we end it by putting forward that notion, now so frequently held, that economic factors are the causes of wars. They may be some of the reasons why statesmen declare war but they are not the reasons why men fight; and statesmen would never declare war if they could not count on the passions of men and their willingness to endure the ardors of battle.

Until we can estimate all the factors that urge men to fight — mystical, practical, religious — we cannot secure what Wickham Steed calls vital peace, a peace which is not merely the negation of war.

> Noblest among the emotions that make for war [he writes] is the compound of love, pride, and self-sacrifice that goes by the name of patriotism. No source of ecstasy is more generous than this.

The White Narcissus

Ardor is the quality that belongs to all these ecstasies. "No generous spirit will shirk the arduous, provided it be unknown," writes Helen Waddell in the beautiful introduction to her book about those who sought the ecstasy of religion in solitude — the desert fathers. "A man must follow his star," or stars or something beyond the rim of time, the wood at the world's end. Men have called the unknown thing they sought by strange and lovely names and have tried to depict it in symbols that would find an entrance to our limited reason, our limited imagination. "If you have two loaves," said Mohammed, "sell one and buy the flower of the white narcissus." But there have always been those who would sell all the loaves they had for a waft of perfume from the

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white narcissus. Sometimes men have called this unknown thing the light inaccessible, sometimes eternity, sometimes simply God, and in pursuit of it have gone out and lived as hermits away from other men. Who were these desert fathers whom Helen Waddell brings before us? They were the hermits of early Christianity who fled to the desert of Egypt, away from the turmoils and vices of the decaying Roman Empire. Each built himself a solitary cell, a "hut of stones with a roof of branches, with a door which could be locked, a reed mat for a bed, a reed stool for a seat by day and a pillow by night, and a sheepskin."

The Lure of Solitude

What did they do in these cells, each one often a long distance from the other, with only the tracks of gazelles and wild asses around them? They meditated and prayed and studied, though some, like Saint Anthony, he of Flaubert's *Tentations de Saint Antoine*, did not even have books, and they always were wrestling with temptations. What was the great temptation? "I am harried with lust" is the cry we hear over and over again from the hermits whose words are preserved in this book — "Show me kindness and pray for me, for I am harried by lust."

Sometimes the hermits died in the desert, but sometimes, too, like Saint Jerome, they spent only a few years of their youth in this solitude. As a young man Jerome was a solitary in the Theban Desert of Chalcis, and in the account he writes to one of his pupils of his terrible privations he explains that, not knowing what to do with his passionate and curious mind in this loneliness, to tame it he put himself to learn Hebrew, for there was a Hebrew convert who had a cell near him. And his learning of Hebrew was one of the great events in Christian history, for out of it he made the Bible in Latin, the Vulgate.

> When I was a young man [he wrote] and the solitude of the desert walled me in, I could not endure the stinging of my lusts, the heat of my nature.

But the man was an artist, and so he never could look back in wrath on any experience and in middle age wrote sadly to his girl pupil:

> I do not blush to confess my hapless days; rather would I weep that I am not what I once was. I remember crying out till day became one with night.

The recurring temptation of lust had at least the advantage of not being boring — it gave visions that would make the fortune of a Broadway producer. But there was another temptation or, rather, malady that was devastating in its tedium. The Fathers called it accidie, and we may describe it as a deadly boredom or ennui; it disturbed the hermit especially about midday. "It begets aversion for the place, boredom with one's cell, and contempt for one's brethren; one is slothful and vacant." Accidie seems to be a common enough affliction, and it is worth while to note the cure for it. "Study to be quiet and to do your own business, and to work with your own hands is commended to you." Great stress is laid on the hermit's working with his hands, and it is said that without this the hermits could not have endured to abide in their solitude. If there is any of my readers who has ever longed for a cell in the desert or for solitude of any kind, he will find *The Desert Fathers* the most fascinating of current books.

Once, on a day's visit to a monastery in the islands of the Mediterranean, finding myself forbidden by monastic rules to accompany my male companions inside the monastery, I whiled away time by talking to a lay brother at the gate. "Who seeks the solitude of this place especially?" I asked him. "The Father Abbot is harassed," he answered, "by middle-aged men, the fathers of families and husbands of wives, who want to leave the world and come here." One remembers that amongst the Hindus there was a rule providing that, after the rearing of a family, high-caste members could retire to a hermit life of solitude and contemplation. My own belief is that such men would make the best solitaries. But, if the terrific solitude that the desert fathers knew were sought out in an age such as ours, it would perhaps be by men working at an art. There are all sorts of men in the arts of the exact temperament of the desert fathers.

"Solitude," writes Helen Waddell, "is the creative condition of genius, religious or secular," and, she adds, the "ultimate sterilization." For no human soul can long ignore the "giant agony of the world." But solitude for one who has spent a part of his life in the world is not likely to bring sterilization. In fact, many of the hermits were strong for tasting life first. "Unless thou first amend thy life, going to and fro amongst men," said one of them, "thou

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shalt not avail to amend it dwelling alone." The like might be said about art. Men do not write great books or paint great pictures except in solitude, but the solitude would be of little avail if they had not first gone to and fro in the world and up and down in it.

The Prophet of Islam

Mohammed, the prophet of Islam, went up and down his world as a merchant, but a time came — it was still in the lifetime of his first wife — when he, too, went into the desert. Says his biographer:

> The brain of the dweller in the desert is disturbed by but little, for he has time for repose, thought, and meditation. . . . He has room for only a few thoughts, but these few are deeply and securely planted in his soul.

The desert gave visions to Mohammed as to the Christian hermits of a century or two before, and, like them, he could not often distinguish between the voice of God and of the Evil One. But at last he had a vision in which unseen hands laid a great cloth before his eyes and there he read the first words of the Koran. From this time he was convinced that he was the messenger of God. "Through a small space," his biographer tells us, "he was permitted to look into another world." But it was some time before he gave himself completely up to religious revelation. Though the very winds of the desert were full of the prayers of Christian hermits, all Mohammed really had in common with them was an abandonment to prayer, the sense of the presence of God. Their asceticism he did not approve of or understand, for, as he once said, "agreeable scents, women, and, above all else, prayer, are the most beautiful things on earth," and his biographer adds, "Great was the number of women to whom Mohammed had given his love." He had fourteen wives and to the end of his life did not cease giving his love to beautiful women. We of the West, who have a feeling in our bones that holiness can go only with asceticism, have a difficulty in believing that such an amorous man could be given visions from the Almighty or be caught up to the Seventh Heaven. Still, we have listed love as one of the ecstasies, and Mohammed appears to have experienced this ecstasy, too, many times and through many different types of women.

The fundamentals of Mohammed's religion are the same as the fundamentals of the other great religions. "The life of this world is but a possession of deceit," he declares in a verse of the Koran, "but verily the abode of the next world — that is life." He came to look on the body as the desert fathers looked on it — a shadow at sunset — and so he declared in the Koran: "What! when we have become bones and rubbish, are we to be raised up a new creature? . . . Who is to restore us? He who originated us at first!" It was difficult for the Arabs to believe in the resurrection day of the Christians, but, extraordinarily enough, he succeeded in making it so much a part of their faith that Islam threw itself on the great empires of the world with the conviction that the warrior's way was the way of paradise.

But although the prophet prepared his followers for war, giving them enchanting or terrifying pictures of the next world, Islam, Essad Bey insists, is not warlike. Mohammed, according to him, thought of the peace of the world, and so, out of the verses of the Koran, out of the state which he ruled, and out of the people who were around him, he "created a mighty edifice of universal peace — Islam." The unity of Islam was broken, in our time, when the present dictator of Turkey took away all power from the sultan, including his power as head of Islam, as the caliph. But Islam, this author tells us, is being reborn. The fight of the spirit is beginning again; Islam is being reborn in the desert out of which it came, for according to Essad Bey a new Islamic state is being built up in Arabia.

This life of the Prophet makes us realize what an extraordinary man he was. Mohammed was a genius, of course. But he was a genius in two orders — in imagination and in practical life. He was a poet in Mecca; his delivery of the Koran was first in poetry. He was a statesman in Medina. Both as a poet and a statesman, in Mecca and Medina, he was of towering stature. At bottom we are not really certain whether he belongs to the order of prophets or the order of poets or even whether there is any great difference between the orders. Like H. G. Wells, he thought that man benefited by loving many women and, unlike Saint Jerome, he does not seem to have been tempted by the pleasures of exquisite dining. Indeed, he forbade to his followers

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wine and the intoxication of wine. But he had an engaging warmth of nature which we somehow feel brought him the favor of Allah; he seems to have lived extensively and profoundly, to have tasted nearly all the ecstasies. He certainly had the sincerity and the imagination of a great writer, though we know that a solitary cell in the desert, even with the visitation of angels, could not have held him long. When the Angel Gabriel appeared to him, he could not by himself decide the verity of this visitant but had to go home and ask Kadijah, his wife, about it. This shows him definitely as belonging to the order of men who have to "ask my wife about it," and this bars him from the line of prophets for many of us.

Why Men Dwell Apart

The type of man has always been in the world who must go into the desert for the sake of solitude or to work out some idea. And I have no doubt but that, if someone built a collection of isolated cells in the California desert, thousands of men would very soon occupy them, if only for the reason that men are beginning again to be agitated by the problems that sent the early hermits to the desert.

A man like the great Dutch painter, van Gogh, we can believe, would be very happy in a desert cell, and in one of the letters in the collection that has just been published — *Letters to an Artist*, by Vincent van Gogh (Viking, $3.50 & $10.00) — he writes a sentence that might have been spoken by one of the desert fathers:

> I believe it is Thomas à Kempis who says somewhere, "I never mingled with men without feeling I was a lesser man." The same with me; the more I associate with painters, the weaker I feel.

And yet, like nearly all artists, he pined for a community that would be made up of other artists:

> We should help and trust each other, because there are enough enmities in society, and in general we should be better off if we did not harm each other.

In this sentence he reveals that an artist can never be more than half a hermit. Like Mohammed, he pines for the companionship of his kind as the desert fathers never did. But, like them, he was willing to sacrifice everything for the light that beckoned him on and on. "Well, my own work," he wrote, "I am risking my life for it, and my reason is half-foundered in it — that's all right." To paint the aspects of the world that aroused him — for that he was prepared to pay with all he had, with even life itself. Van Gogh realized, as Anthony of the desert realized, that he had his own way to go and that the way was one which would leave him misunderstood and neglected. He wrote:

> I think it is quite possible that there will come a time when some people will be sorry about the things they have said of me, about the opposition or indifference with which they have treated me. . . . It is not easy to eke out an existence; anyway, as far as I am concerned, it is misery.

He ended by suicide, as everybody knows, but his pictures — those pictures that he gave his life up to — have now so much for us that they are like certain books that he was never tired of praising by saying that "there is an awakening power in them." That is the highest that any art can have for us — the awakening power.

The Last Silence

To turn from the desert fathers, from Mohammed, from van Gogh to the meditations which Maurice Maeterlinck has published under the title Before the Great Silence (Stokes, $2.00) is to turn from men of ecstatic beliefs to one who has become a profound skeptic. But there are undoubtedly some readers of these lines who will remember having read Maeterlinck's *Wisdom and Destiny* as if it were a sort of sacred book; it had in it all the glamour of youth, the mysticism of youth's belief; it stirred many a one, including poets like Yeats, for all youth's beliefs were in it and all youth's aspirations. It was written at a time when Maeterlinck could be regarded as a mystic. He had written glamourous plays which used to be played behind a veil and he seemed to write out of a vision like the visions of Mohammed or of the desert fathers.

> The Arkel of my youth said to Pelleas, "If I were God I should have pity on the hearts of men." Today the Arkel of my old age would say, "If I were God I should be ashamed of having created men."

Thus he comes to the opinions of the materialist philosophers against whom he once fought. Life, he now believes, is no gift; it is a doom, and the only way we live after our personal dissolution is in some memory of our ever living cells in some universal entity — "an anonymous and collective insensibility,"

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without personality, without memory of our human lives. Nor has he any faith in the future of the race on the earth; to him the ideas that H. G. Wells or Professor MacMurray or Wickham Steed have put forward for the making of a high world-wide civilization would be simply naïve. The human race, he thinks, may in a few generations sink into a termite-like civilization and already he sees signs of this in Russia. "I do not prophesy this," he writes, "but it is natural and possible pending a reaction which will be tardy, difficult and sanguinary." But he realizes, as he moves toward the great silence, that there is no such thing as death — everything lives and must live eternally.

He seems to have found a sort of religion for himself, a religion arising out of communion with the dead. His ideas on this theme are worth pondering, especially by us in the Western Hemisphere, where such a mighty effort has been made to get rid of the idea of death, to ignore the dead utterly. It may be that the dead are a dimension of our individual and collective life and that we err gravely by leaving them so much out of account. Perhaps the living without memories of the dead are quick to decay, and it seems to me, after reading all these books about the wisdom that men have got out of solitude, that we are now on the verge of a new interpretation of the meaning of life.

Dialogue

I

One Speaks From Here

How dare you be so far, whose arms surrounded,
Whose face pressed mine, whose body held mine fast?
Can I come home to you when all is vanished,
Will you be in the Timeless at the last?
I can bear distance from your unfound dwelling
And walk along these dry and hopeless ways
If after the slow miles of years and sorrows
You lift a latch for me at end of days.
You are the soul that keeps my soul; the arrow
That strikes the mark of me:
Be gift of death, be heart of darkness only.
Somewhere exist! Somewhere await and be!

II

One Speaks From There

Take this, the promise of the long-forgotten,
Long waited for;
You are alone; yet where your lone door closes
I close the door.
I come to you who do not know me coming —
What is your peace but this, your calm but this,
Your laughter I who laugh across the spaces,
Your passion my far touch, your joy my kiss?
I am your quietude, I am your pleasure,
I shall go always burning in your side.
Where I am waiting you in Everlasting
My arms stand wide.

Margaret Widdemer

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The Pope Gains Neutrality

by **ROBERT WILBERFORCE**

It is often assumed, apparently because an influential element in most countries owes spiritual allegiance to the Holy See, that one of the Vatican's functions is to act as an international judge. Before discussing the Treaty of the Lateran it may therefore be appropriate to say a few words about the Pope's relation to world affairs. The Holy See is neither a court of international arbitration nor a superstate. It is quite different in nature from either of these things, for it is the enduring center of Christian unity.

If space allowed, one would like to consider this question in its philosophical aspect, for it raises the whole subject of the temporal and spiritual authority in man's life. But clearly that is impossible in the course of the present article. Perhaps, however, in passing, this paradox may be mentioned. The same persons who are anxious to hear the Pope's opinion on international affairs very often are opposed to the Church's expressing any views at all in national affairs. Beyond suggesting that such a paradox opens up a wide field for discussion, suffice it to say here that nothing could be further from the mind of the Church than to enter into the secular sphere either in national or international affairs. Those interested in the Church's efforts for international peace may be recommended to a book, recently published under the auspices of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, entitled *The Catholic Tradition of the Law of Nations*. The author of this fully documented work, Mr. John Eppstein, Secretary of the League of Nations Union in England, shows that the Church's influence for peace has constantly been exerted throughout history; her teaching on the principles of international justice has been consistent from apostolic times, and the distinction between a just and an unjust war has repeatedly been defined by doctors of the Church, theologians, and successive Popes, including the present resident at the Vatican, the Pontiff Pius XI.

The more specific question as to when and how the Vatican may decide to speak at any time can be answered as follows: No one can foretell. This however is certain: The Holy See acts only when and how it itself decides. It is quite uninfluenced by what is commonly called public opinion. In fact, with its age-long vision, it is oblivious to public opinion in a degree which can hardly be imagined by those who are intent upon the ephemeral events of their own lifetime. On this account, no doubt, the Vatican will always be liable to contemporary criticism, either for procrastination on the one hand or for untimely utterance on the other. This significant fact, however, must be noted. History has repeatedly vindicated its judgments long after its critics have passed into oblivion.

At this point the question may possibly occur, why, if it is so detached from secular events, should the Vatican maintain a highly trained diplomatic corps? The explanation is not difficult. Dante envisaged two sovereignties, spiritual and temporal, each moving independently in its own sphere, completing one another but not conflicting. But Dante fully appreciated that in expressing this quite familiar Catholic ideal he was describing an ideal, very often far from being realized. Likewise the present Holy Father, evidently with Dante's allegory in mind, explained the relative functions of Church and state in a letter to Cardinal Gasparri in 1929. Moreover, he completed the picture by adding that the objective dignity of the ends pursued determined objectively and necessarily the absolute superiority of the Church. This is precisely the reason for the Vatican's diplomacy. Whatever may be the relations of Church and state (and they differ widely in various countries according to circumstances), it is always important that they should be as harmonious as possible. The

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Vatican maintains its Nuncios and Apostolic Delegates in numerous countries, so that by agreement and understanding with the state its spiritual mission, described by Benedict XV as the "sanctification of souls," may be exercised in harmony with the civil authorities.

II

NOWHERE is the need for this diplomatic corps more apparent than in Italy, owing, among other things, to the close proximity of the Vatican to Italian territory. And this brings us immediately to the subject of the present article. After 1870, as is well known, the Holy See had no diplomatic relations with Italy. There was in fact no official communication whatever between the Vatican and the Quirinal. The strictest nonrecognition of the Italian Government was enforced, and, although various approaches were made during the following 50 years, none of them succeeded. In a word, up till 1921 the Roman question remained one of those problems which seemed to defy solution, and nothing in the political philosophy of Fascism indicated that its emergence in 1921 as the supreme power throughout Italy would hasten its settlement. Neither did the views of Mussolini himself at that time, although he admitted publicly that it was the most insistent problem confronting Italy, give any hope that a regime which he inspired would lead to a *rapprochement* with the Holy See. Indeed, the totalitarian state with Mussolini at its head appeared even less reconcilable with the Church than was the Italy of Cavour.

Yet in 1929 there was signed at the Lateran a treaty, the historical significance of which it would be difficult to exaggerate, for it not only restored harmony between Church and state in Italy but established, to the satisfaction of the Pope and of the 400,000,000 persons who owe him spiritual allegiance, the complete independence of the Holy See from all secular interference. Probably to the eyes of future historians many of the turbulent and revolutionary events of the post-War world will fade into a minor perspective, much as the disquieting events following the Congress of Vienna are now viewed. The Treaty of the Lateran, on the contrary, will probably stand out as one of those enduring achievements, so rare in history, whose importance grows clearer with the lapse of time.

Already a considerable body of literature has appeared in many languages on the Lateran Treaty and on the circumstances which gave rise to it. For those, however, who have little time to refer to more detailed discussion, this article will attempt to sketch as briefly as possible the historical background of the controversy and the character of the Treaty itself.

III

THE CHAPTER on the Holy See in the *Statesman's Year Book* begins with the following passage:

> For many ages until Pius IX's reign with some comparatively short breaks, the Popes, or Roman Pontiffs, bore temporal sway over a territory stretching across Mid-Italy from sea to sea and comprising

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an area of some 16,000 square miles with a population finally of some 3,125,000 souls.

Before the events which ended in 1870, the Pope was sovereign of these States of the Church, sovereign in fact and law, sovereign by right of over a thousand years' possession. During the nineteenth century, that wave of nationalism which swept over Europe reached Italy, and nationalism became the battle cry of Italian liberals. The vicissitudes of the movement were great. At one time it dreamed of a united Italy under the sovereignty of the Pope. Finally, under the leadership of Victor Emmanuel II, it achieved victory. One by one, the Pope lost all his possessions, until at last Rome capitulated and the Kingdom of Italy, with Rome as her capital, became an established fact.

Naturally this only epitomizes a highly complicated chapter of history. More than the Papal States was involved in the struggle; but as a background for the Lateran Treaty certain facts must be isolated, and one of them is the Pope's title to his territory. However highly the ideal of Italian unity may be prized this fact must be remembered. The Pope was deprived of his territories not by any inherent weakness in his title but solely because Italian nationalists under the House of Savoy demanded them. They considered that the existence of the States of the Church with Rome as their capital was incompatible with a united Italy. Hence the sovereign right of the Pope was sacrificed.

Unless this is borne in mind it will be difficult to appreciate why in the years from 1870 to 1929 the Vatican steadfastly rejected the Law of Guarantees. The Law of Guarantees, passed by the Italian Parliament in 1871, contained many clauses similar to those which were later to be found in the Treaty of the Lateran. For instance, the person of the Pope was declared sacred and inviolable. Honors due to a king were to be given to him. The Vatican and other specified places were to enjoy extraterritoriality. The Pope could receive and send diplomatic representatives. Finally, an annual grant of 3,225,000 lire was to be paid him.

Viewed without relation to antecedent events, these conditions seemed not only reasonable but even generous. To the Vatican, on the contrary, which had suffered the loss of its territory, they appeared in a different light. If, however, the matter had been a purely secular one, the Law of Guarantees might after a few years have formed the basis of a settlement. The question, however, was by no means purely a secular one, for the Vatican regarded it not in relation to one or two generations or in relation to Italy alone but in relation to its age-long future and to the needs of the Universal Church.

Viewed in this light, there was a fundamental principle at stake, the international status of the Holy See. The Law of Guarantees proposed to make the Vatican dependent on an act of the Italian Parliament. But if one considers for a moment the world-wide character of the Church, which has its center of unity in Rome, it will be clear how essential it is that

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the Holy See should be free from even a suspicion of national control. Moreover, the turmoil which accompanied and followed the Napoleonic wars afforded many lively illustrations of how precarious would be the security offered by any national government. Napoleon had seized the States of the Church and the person of the Pope himself. Again in 1848 the Republic established in the Papal States and elsewhere in Italy forced the Pope to take refuge in Gaeta, whence he was restored by French arms. Once more the Pope found himself the victim of political changes when the French garrison was suddenly removed from Rome on the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian war.

These events, no less than earlier conflicts in which the States of the Church had been involved for so many centuries, determined the Vatican that its future temporal status should be secure from interference and should be internationally recognized. Thus the problem which confronted the Fascist state when it decided to re-open the question with the Vatican in 1926 was no less than to reconcile the international independence of the Holy See with the unity of the Italian nation.

But the Vatican insisted that a further question must be considered coincidentally. The Pope, as Bishop of Rome, occupies a dual position. He is Primate of Italy and thus intimately concerned with the conduct of Italian ecclesiastical affairs. He is also supreme Pontiff of the Catholic Church and in that capacity he is concerned with the Church in Italy only, in the same way that he is concerned, for instance, with the Church in France, Spain, Germany, England, the United States, and elsewhere throughout the world. For this reason, in the Treaty of the Lateran the Pope was called upon to sign two separate agreements. The first dealt with the international position of the Holy See. The second settled by concordat the relations between the Church and state in Italy. They are of course quite different in character but, when signed, they formed one and the same agreement.

IV

In many respects the Concordat is similar to concordats made with other countries. It deals with such matters as ecclesiastical rights; the revision of diocesan lines to correspond with the provinces of Italy; the civil effects of the sacrament of marriage administered according to canon law; the pardon of those who hold ecclesiastical property as a result of Italian laws dispersing the patrimony of the Church; and the all-important subject of education. This subject gravely endangered the successful conclusion of the treaty, for the views of the Fascist state were in direct opposition to the views of the Church. Happily however a *modus vivendi* was reached which safeguarded the principles of Christian education, and the harmony established between Church and state was reflected in the oath of loyalty which all Italian bishops must take before assuming possession of their dioceses.

Article 20, containing the text of this oath reads, as follows:

> Bishops before taking possession of their dioceses shall take an oath of loyalty at the hands of the Head of the State according to the following formula:
>
> Before God on the Holy Gospels, I swear and promise, as becomes a Bishop, loyalty to the Italian State. I swear and promise to respect, and to make my clergy respect, the king and the government established according to the constitutional laws of the State. I swear and promise, moreover, that I shall not participate in any agreement or take part in any discussion that might be injurious to the Italian State or detrimental to public order and that I shall not permit my clergy to take part in such. Being mindful of the welfare and of the interests of the Italian State, I shall endeavour to ward off any danger which may threaten it.

Although in this oath of loyalty and in many other respects the Concordat is similar to those with other countries, one characteristic distinguishes it. Certain spots in Italy are so inexpressibly dear not only to Italian Catholics but to the Catholics of every nation that it was decided to transfer them from Italian ownership and vest them in the Pope as Supreme Bishop of the Catholic Church. Such spots are the Basilica of the Holy House at Loreto, the Basilica of St. Anthony at Padua, and, finally, that haven to which for centuries countless souls striving for perfection in the spiritual life have directed their thoughts — the Basilica of St. Francis at Assisi. The Holy See also reserves to itself control of the catacombs in Rome and elsewhere, making itself responsible for all excavations and for removing to other places the bodies of the saints.

In these days of hastily attempted decisions and, consequently, frequent disappointments in international affairs, it is a relief to turn to

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the more leisurely diplomatic methods of the Vatican. From the date on which negotiations for the settlement of the Roman question were opened until the final ratification of the treaty, a period of three years elapsed during which there were ceaseless conferences between the representatives of the two powers. The Pope himself, we are told, gave 129 audiences to his representative, each often lasting three or four hours; and, when it is remembered that the treaty was to settle finally a question which had defied solution for 60 years, the negotiations do not appear to have been unduly prolonged. No mere formula was adequate. Realities involving substantial concessions on both sides had to be faced.

First it was necessary to be quite clear on the fundamental requirements. As a preliminary, the Holy See made it known that it would demand complete liberty and independence, with territory in full and exclusive possession. The Italian Government on its side demanded that the Holy See should recognize Rome as the capital of the Kingdom of Italy under the House of Savoy. On these conditions a draft was prepared. The purpose of the treaty as explained in the preamble is to eliminate every cause of disagreement between the Holy See and Italy and to assure permanently to the Holy See a status of fact and right that shall guarantee it absolute independence in the exercise of its mission in the world.

The chief points in its 27 clauses can be easily summarized. Vatican City, which is recognized as an independent state, covers an area of just over a hundred acres, comprising the Basilica and Piazza of St. Peter and the Vatican palace and gardens. Over this small state the Pope exercises complete sovereignty, receiving financial compensation for the heavy losses sustained by the annexation of former Papal territory by Italy. Free diplomatic communication with all nations, including belligerents, is guaranteed. Free access to the Holy See is assured for all bishops. Cardinals are entitled in Italy to the honors due to Princes of the Blood. The Holy See also resumes possession of the Papal Palace and Villa Barbarini at Castel Gandolfo. Full proprietary rights are granted to the Patriarchal Basilicas of St. John Lateran, Santa Maria Majore, and St. Paul's outside-the-Walls. Other properties such as the Basilica of Santi Apostoli, the palaces of Dataria, Cancelleria, and Propaganda Fidei are handed over either in freehold or in possession guaranteed by international law.

From this brief summary it will be realized that the historical interest of the treaty is great. Its international importance lies in the fact that by it not only is the sovereignty of the Holy See internationally recognized but for the first time it is freed from the political transitions of secular states. For centuries the Pope's temporal power had indeed given him real sovereignty but only at the cost of involving him, often disastrously, in political affairs. When pressed by the Italian Government to accept more territory, Pius XI, with characteristic wisdom, refused, reali ng that the very smallness of the state added to its strength. It was the recognition of sovereignty, not its extent, which was essential. Pius XI in the Treaty of the Lateran obtained that visible sign of independence which is essential to the head of the church which embraces the whole world.

Thus Article 24 defined the international position of the Vatican as follows:

> With regard to the sovereignty pertaining to it in the field of international relations the Holy See declares that it wishes to remain and will remain extraneous to all temporal disputes between nations and international congresses convoked for the settlement of such disputes, unless the contending parties make a joint appeal to its mission of peace; nevertheless it reserves the right in every case to exercise its moral and spiritual power. In consequence of this declaration, the State of the Vatican will always and in every case be considered neutral and inviolable territory.

This is the heart of the treaty. It needs no further explanation. It proclaims to all nations that this tiny but immeasurably precious strip of territory, forever neutral and inviolable, is at once the smallest state and the greatest power in the world.

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When the Ultimate Consumer Dies

Bury Yourself at Half Price

by **BERTRAM B. FOWLER**

Out in Minnesota, where consumer co-operation has made tremendous strides forward in the last few years, some of the co-operators have a new slogan. They point to their various burial associations and say, "Join a co-op and bury yourself for half price!"

The facetiousness in this case is merely one of phrasing. The terrific costs of funerals in America, the abuses and in some cases downright racketeer methods that have grown up around this most essential service have made some type of reform a crying necessity.

From time to time various groups have been called upon to utter protests. In a past issue of The Forum * some of the evils and abuses that surround and discolor the undertaking profession were shown. Insurance companies have felt the urge to raise their voices. A few years ago one of the largest of them in America felt called upon to issue a booklet giving some of the facts surrounding these costs.

It is understandable that insurance companies should object. Were the insurance companies as conscious of their social responsibility as the nature of their trust would imply, there would be more and louder protests from them. For it is only too true that the well-informed undertaker who happens to be unburdened by too many scruples shrewdly figures the elaborateness of the funeral and the cost of his services by the size of the insurance policy carried by the deceased.

One authentic case which came to my attention last year was that of a young woman and the undertaker she had called in upon the death of her mother. The young woman had her own ideas of economy. She knew just about what she could afford to spend and outlined to the undertaker what she wanted and what she could afford to pay.

The undertaker, with the solemn gravity for which the profession is renowned, scanned the plans of the young woman and remarked, "I guess you didn't love your mother very much if that's all you're going to spend on her funeral."

This remark should be handed down to posterity along with some of the figures on charges and profits made by undertakers. For it rather typifies the attitude of too many of the gentlemen in that profession.

Because of the intimate nature of the service, coupled with the fact that it is an emergency service rendered at a time when the purchaser is in no mood to argue over costs, the undertaker has the advantage. The records show that too often he uses it to the limit.

The average individual does not wish to dwell on the fact that the service of an undertaker is one which he himself will someday need. Sometimes he may buy insurance with the purpose of setting up a fund to cover his burial costs while sparing his family. But unfortunately insurance policies are more often carried to cover other emergencies. Most men buy such protection to care for those dependent upon them. When the undertaking costs connected with the funeral of the breadwinner cut far into funds left for other purposes, such costs then become socially dangerous and inhumanly unjust.

II

As long as we individually shrink from a contemplation of this last service we receive

*Editor's Note:—"*Decent Christian Burial,*" by Marian J. Castle; April, 1934.*

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from society we cannot as individuals do much in the way of reform. Unfortunately, most of us have not the lack of inhibition that allows some men to buy their own burial caskets while they are still able to drive a shrewd bargain. But, even though we are inclined to shrink from the idea individually, we can as groups take action and protect ourselves and our families against exploitation.

In Minnesota several groups have done something about it. In New Ulm, a group of men and women faced the problem squarely a few years ago. All of them had gone through the trying ordeal of deaths in their families and knew that they would have to face it again. So in 1930 they formed the Minnesota Valley Burial Association. They paid five dollars each, which made them lifetime members. There was no capital stock raised. The five-dollar membership fee went to set up reserves and pay for central administration, which has been kept at a minimum. They then set about making arrangements to take care of the emergency demands of their members.

They found a small casket factory with which they made a working agreement. They employed an embalmer and began the handling of funerals as a social service for members rather than as a profit business for the undertakers.

When these people started their organization, the cost of an average funeral in that district was between $500 and $700. In 1934, when the Association produced books showing its four-year record, it was found that the average cost had been cut to $212. And prominent among other examples was the case of the funeral for which the undertaker had wanted $750 and which they had arranged for $300.

The idea had developed during those four years. The Minnesota Burial Association last year was made up of seven member societies. They took the bulk of the output of the casket factory and employed two embalmers. Other societies had grown up outside the Association and came forward to present figures just as cogent and indicative of what these organizations saved the people who belonged to them.

One burial association had handled five funerals during the year, with a total cost to its members of $810, an average of $162 per funeral. Another society handled sixteen funerals at a total cost of $2,431 — an average of $152. This particular group of associations was in a very prosperous section of agricultural Minnesota. The members were attempting not to cut the quality of service but merely to reduce costs that they had come to believe were outrageous and insupportable.

The same plan has been followed in other associations in Minnesota and neighboring States. The only difference is that in poorer communities the funerals are simpler and less expensive affairs. In one county, for instance, the local burial association handled twelve funerals at a total cost of $550. This was in a community where the practice of using grave vaults and other refinements is not possible. These people decided on what they wanted and paid for just what they got.

The procedure in most cases is the same. The head of the family buys a five-dollar share of stock that makes him a member. Should he or any member of his family die, the burial society steps into the picture. The casket is chosen and is charged at the factory price. The embalmer's services are paid for, the hearse and necessary cars provided. The total bill represents all these services at cost. This is the bill which the member pays. And this is the real reason that these burial associations have cut the costs of funerals of their members to less than half what they had been.

III

NATURALLY enough the undertakers in the district fought back. The undertakers' association paid for a series of advertisements in local papers attacking the burial associations. Which, not surprisingly, proved a boomerang. The average reader of the advertisement wanted to know more about the organizations that had disturbed the undertakers to such an extent and presently began to learn about them. Often he suddenly discovered that friends of his were members. He read some of the costs of co-operative funerals and began to think about membership for himself. The burial associations in some of these Minnesota towns are open in their declaration that the series of advertisements in question did a lot to build up their membership.

In the whole forward drive of consumer co-operation in America, as well as in other countries, one fact is emerging. The attacks of various profit-making groups on the co-operatives

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invariably result in a growth in membership. The recent attacks by organized dealers on the co-operative movement in Minnesota resulted in a burst of co-operative activity in the area. The attempt to limit the subjects upon which Toyohiko Kagawa was to speak in Rochester, New York, resulted in an unprecedented demand for tickets to the meeting he was to address.

Something of what this means in the case of the burial societies was shown last year, when four burial associations placed applications for charters at St. Paul. The co-operators themselves knew that the association of undertakers was becoming alarmed at the growth of burial societies. They knew therefore that pressure would sooner or later be brought to bear upon the Statehouse in an attempt to stop their progress.

The four organizations were refused charters. An interpretation of the co-operative law by the attorney general's office at first stunned the applicants but later sent the whole co-operative organization into ribald mirth when the implications began to be clear.

That office ruled that under the Minnesota law a co-operative could be organized only by the ultimate consumer. And, since a burial society functioned only when the ultimate consumer was dead, the co-operative was not legal.

Naturally, this ruling has caused no great concern among co-operators. It was obviously an interpretation strict to the point of absurdity. The four organizations did not get their charters. Perhaps the formation of new burial societies was for the moment halted. But already an amendment to the co-operative law has been advanced, and the formation of burial societies in that State will sooner or later go on faster than ever.

Again, as in the case of verbal attacks, that ruling served only to draw the attention of consumers to the existence of the co-operatives.

IV

The rapid growth of co-operative insurance through the Middle West has also brought this question of undertaking costs to the fore. The question of the social importance of insurance is certain to become more and more pressing as the co-operators advance further into this field. The drain of undertaking costs on the insurance benefits must be considered.

In almost every case the profit of the undertaker comes directly from the insurance benefit of the bereaved. The wider the profit and the higher the funeral cost, the greater the burden upon the disorganized household. In this way the whole aim and end of the insurance policy is defeated. Profits upon such social services as hospitalization, medical care, and undertaking costs are indefensible and economically unsound. The question of health insurance, of community hospitalization, medical care, and such allied services is coming in for a greater share of attention in these times when the number of poverty-ridden doctors is balanced by the multitudes of ailing and diseased persons who need their services but cannot afford them.

And, if medical care and hospitalization, which at least are handled as community services as far as our limited setup will allow, how much more do we need to face the problem of funeral costs? For here is a field of social service that has never received consideration. The undertakers cannot be blamed. They have simply taken over a service that the community left to them. That they collect profits on grief is not their fault entirely. The real blame rests on the community that has failed to organize to carry out this social function. In Minnesota and the other States where the co-operative technique has been applied to the problem, we find the pattern to be followed.

I found, in a little valley in Minnesota, a humorous old fellow who was what might be called an inveterate co-operator. He talked at length about the various co-operatives to which he belonged, all of which functioned for his economic benefit. When the conversation got around to the burial association he chuckled. "That's the best of them all," he said. "You pay five dollars and then just sit around and wait till you git ready to die for service. And then you bury yourself for half price."

If more communities imitated the shrewd planning and sympathetic handling of the burial service that is so evident in the Minnesota Burial Association, there would be a lot less grief in the wake of funerals. Which, after all, is a point very worthy of consideration. Especially when these functions in the hands of profit makers add to the burden of bereavement the onerous and economically inhuman costs of funerals that most people pay today.

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Prelude to 'Icaros'—II

by JOHN WILLIAMS ANDREWS

EDITOR'S NOTE: — Selections from Part Three of a verse-narrative of flight, soon to be published in book form. Selections from Part One appeared in the October FORUM.

LONG, long ago, above the Icarian sea,
Shaping the course for Sicily alone,
Went Daedalus, an old, old man; so lonely there,
He seemed a huge black planet, hung above water;
Westward he went; beneath him, out of the waves,
Tossing to meet the tumult of his wings,
A new sound rose — a later burden of singing:

Not till the gods are driven from the sky
By the probeful steel of the brain, awakened and watchful,
Not till the Crab and the Bear have ceased their hunting,
And Castor and Pollux die,
And the lands inlaid in the sunset are empty of hope,
And the rivers that feed them are dry,
And Virgo is only a name,
And Pegasus only a cluster of yellow stars
In the pale glass
Of a metal tube, that turns to the tick of a clock,
Will Icaros be forgotten,
Or his glory pass!

Not then!
Whatever the symbol, the sky is the sky!
Iris will shatter her bow and the Titans rule for an hour,
Man will seem wise to himself and follow a narrow comfort,
And cry to the gods of his hands and boast of their power,
Till the walls of the outer darkness,
Protecting the core,
Have blunted the edge of his probe
And baffled his glass,
And he turns with a sigh
To that which is neither the brain nor the hand,
Yet palpable substance,
His to require and command
While he lives — and his though he die!

WHO HAS NOT longed for wings?
Who does not know
That never on this unavailing earth
Is anything which can go free of it?

AND YET, look up!
Who, having longed for wings,
And having found them,
Has never on a summer's morning turned
Sharp in his seat to catch a backward view
Of field and hangars dropping away behind,
— Green square of velvet; flat, grey hangar-blocks;
Moth-wings of damask shadings resting there —
And seen his frail tail-surface swim in blue,
Following always, tracking the unroiled wake,
So close, so compact with the familiar wings,
Whose even balance on the horizon-rim
Is processed into the brain and into the hands,
That suddenly the sense of flight is doubled,
The brain projected to embrace the shape
Of sleek bird-wings alive on living air?
Who has not thrilled,
And having turned again
To stare through goggled eyes across the blurr
Of blades, whose hazy whirrings scarcely dim
The pale sky-ocean stretching out ahead,
Has never tensed, and gripped with firmer fingers
The light controls, and, slanting strongly up
To tuck a treasured wealth of altitude
Under the wings, has never, with sure touch,
Sent them wide-arcing through the open sky —

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Precise abandon, which no bird-wing ever,
Cleaving these modern skies, or earlier skies,
Hunting or mating there, has known or knows!

No LARK! No swallow! Never bird has come
To ghostly meadow in the dead of night
With sole design to ride the starry sky —
A blazing city under, and a shaft
Of stone and fire up-raised: a painted spear:
Wings banking round it, edges slanting down
To touch the shaft, to pierce the rooted base:
Square pits of black: criss-crossing strings of fire:
Black bridges swinging out on lighted arms
To cross dark, gleaming waters, and the ships
Pursued by wakes more glittering than the stars!

No THRUSH! No whip-poor-will! No nightingale,
Wakeful in dark to sing a planet down;
No white owl, hunting on the snowy steppes,
Has ever winked a round eye at the night
And climbed to roll the full moon on its wing —
Wide silvered field: the distant hedgerows hold
Black pocket-shadows: inky contours creep
Across the stubble, as the wings catch air.
They climb, and slowly blackness swallows up
All shape and form below, and only the wings
Hold any moon-dust: glint of fire on metal:
Thin moonlight trickling coldly through the glass
Of cabin-windows, till the roaring blades,
Launched for the sweep of a gigantic wheel,
Slant fiercely downward, whine to acceleration,
Rise fiercely at the moon and pierce the moon,
Swing swiftly past, wheels lifted, under-wing
White with sky-change: shark's belly turned to strike:
Then plunge in black: the earth's absorbent velvet
Shows sparks of fire-fly glint: black arc of fall:
Reversed: the sparks, so swiftly passing there,
Are incandescent wires: black arc complete:
The wings emerged to catch the moon again,
Which shall be there when every wing is closed!

No HAWK! No eagle! On this soaring-ridge,
The long light motorless wings in launching-poise —

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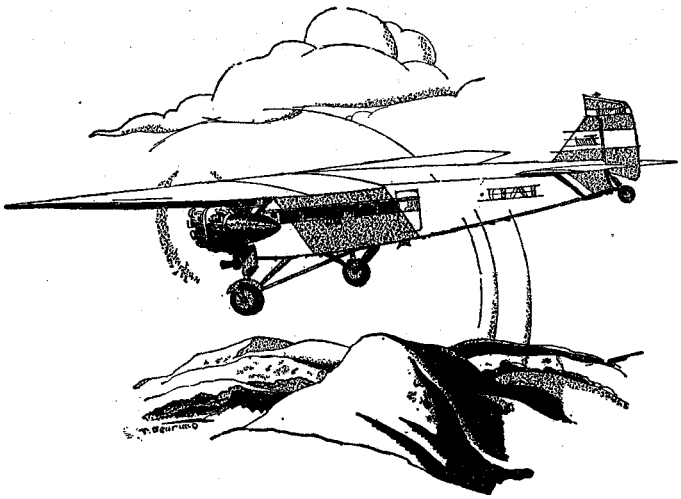
PRELUDE TO 'ICAROS'—II



A wooded ridge, set high above the valley,
Catches the winds that run in smooth wide rivers
Across flat farmlands, squared to oats and corn,
Catches them, lifts them, sends them surging over
In waves and eddies, like water over a stone.
The shock-cord snaps its length; the wings ride out,
Breasting the surge of the ascendant wave;
Grass drops away; the valley is suddenly seen
In all its level lands; the wooded pitch
Hangs very close — a hand might touch the trees,
Till now, ascending on the stormy riffle,
The wings climb tossing, high above the ridge,
Ride crabwise on the wind, and find smooth waters.

TAKE THIS for joy! Go wandering, north and south!
Seek stepping-stones! Swim out and catch a cloud!
Follow the hawk — his finger feathers spread,
Tell-tales, to prove the currents; he knows the way;
He knows the invisible bubbles, breaking off
From roads and ploughed-lands, roofs and stony places,
Invisible clouds, that coalesce and rise,
Climb into upper coldness and emerge
As tall white turrets, leaning with the wind!
Watch where he climbs; feel out the air and find
The bubble forming; lay the long wings over
In sweetest soaring circle, and perceive,
From active dials and surging upward pressure,
Earth dropping away. Look up! Cloud-ceilings sink;
The shadowy floors come closer; mists appear
And wisp and trail. Earth drops still further away;
Known valleys fade; new counties open out;
New cities come in smoke across the hills;
New rivers, violent in their foamy youth,
Grow old before the eyes; the hills grow old,
Withering, hunching downward; plains appear;
White roads that saunter, bright and far away,
Green slopes, green fields, the sunlight and the wind!

WHO HAS NOT longed for wings?
Who will not say
In such a moment, high above the earth,
That these light plywood wings, transparent to sun,
Clean-angled as a gull's, glass-smooth to cut
Invisible air and silent as a hawk's,
— These plywood bodies, tapered to a fin,
Are, and shall be, pure distillate of flight?
Who, in such moment,
Has not put off familiar heaviness
One crystal second,
And felt hope swell — as if in such a world,
Hanging so high in sheer, ethereal blue,
Light could not fade, cloud die, wind fail —
Or death come ever!
But now the bubble falters, stricken with cold.
It dwindles; dies. The sky is cloudless now;
Twilight shuts down and lights begin to show.
Seek earth you must! The spongy landing-wheel

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Must roll its lightness on some level meadow
Before night wholly comes; home fields are far;
Night blankets everything; the earth is hidden:
Unseen reminder that for such delights,
Instants of freedom in three full dimensions,
Remains the fourth, straight-jacketing the spirit,
As always, in all places, where the flesh
Remains in strength to draw the spirit down.
Come in and land; climb down and breathe again;
And standing safely on the rooted grass,
Watching the darkness shutting down the lanes,
Admit, against the dictates of the heart,
That these light wings, for all their buoyancy,
Bird-wings, or clouds, so light along the sky,
Are and must be dark prisoners to the earth:
Black wind and rain, black night and cloud and storm,
The faltering hands no blood may animate,
Perpetual conflict, fear, imperious death —
Always —
However desperately the hampered spirit
Shall twist and turn, or lift its head, or see,
In brilliant noondays, full of wind and cloud,
A million wings come storming up the sky!

Sky-lanes: sky-oceans: sky-ships glittering there!
They do not hold the anchorage of their ports
As do the older ships, or furl their sails
Under a snowy peak to lie all night,
Hearing the sea-gulls crying in the dark;
They do not drive a painted figure-head
Through creaming waves, or send the black smoke fuming
From salty stacks, or roll their rusty hulls
In casual traffics among coral islands,
Or come, with panting tugs and brassy whistles,
To end their runs in giant river-berths.
Theirs is a different beauty, a different custom,
New, but in source and ultimate truth, the same —
They have their ports of call; their sheltered places;
They seek a slant of Trades to better a passage,
Skimming the wave-tops, south, or coming north,
Climb high above them for the counter-slant;
They nose through storm and ice; they suffer shipwreck
On cloudy reefs and shores; they carry cargoes,
Warring for cargoes over all the earth;
They carry guns — and wheel in heavy black
Above the cities, till earth blossoms beneath
In furious fires; they battle, wing to wing,
Spinning in blue; and threaten such disaster
As this grey earth has never, until now,
Witnessed, or shuddered at across the night;
They carry for crews a special, steel-nerved race,
Air-mariners, whose driving love and hate
Are counterparts to the much older passion
Of those who chose salt-waters and made tales
To wake heroic dreams and dark despairs,
Because their lives were full of burdened things!

This much — no more! And yet, look up again!
This dawn — this dawn, a silver ship goes out:
Clean wings, faired fuselage to cleave the sky,
Wind-roaring blades to draw it toward the sun.
The sky is taking it now: it lifts: it climbs!
A silver fish is swimming in the blue,
A snow-white heron sails above the trees,
A swift has flown and tucked its dangling legs
Under tail-feathers, dwindling toward the west!
Warm sun on wings! Pale disk of setting moon!
How shall the cold stones of the reasoning mind
Remain in hardness with this throbbing shape
Cutting a passage through the morning sky?
How shall it hold its colors of despair,
When this same ship comes dropping down to-night
From the incredible lands the sky can build,
Bringing the sunset with it on its wings?
O desolate hope, sprung warm between the stones!
O dream of wings, that never can be stayed!
The passionate search is ended; touch is come
To prove the substance, for all hope deferred,
A fragile thing, ephemeral in the hand!
Salvage remains — or something deeper set:
The dream remains! These lightly riding wings
Still draw the watcher, following down the sky,
Seeking a bourne no logic can betray —
Invisible wings, the dawn will always take,
And hide away, and some day bring again
Across a sky that is not empty yet!

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Down To Jerusalem

A First Short Story

***by* JONAS ROSENFIELD, JR.**

"Let us prepare now, children, to go downstairs to Jerusalem," his teacher had announced.

He closed his book quietly. On the cover was a man before a bush. Moses before the burning bush, his teacher had told him. He put this on top of his Hebrew book and placed them carefully on the little shelf under his chair.

"How do you expect a child to learn any Hebrew?" his mother had complained. "They have lessons for just half an hour once a week, and then the teacher wastes fifteen minutes getting the class quiet."

He didn't know much Hebrew. He knew you read from right to left and from back to front. That was funny. He knew that dog meant fish when you said it in Hebrew and that when you said *ham caliph* it meant hot dog. And he knew that the funny letter that stood up straight and puffed its chest like a soldier and had a funny tail was an *l*. He could say the blessing over the food: *Boruch attoh Adonoi eloheinu melech ha'olom.* — He could say it with his eyes closed and in one breath but he didn't know what it meant. He liked the way his rabbi read Hebrew. It was deep and soft like wind singing in the big oak tree outside his bedroom window.

Inside he felt his heart give quick little jumps as they left the room in single file. It was like the fire drill, when Mrs. Aarons would say, "Now, children, the building is on fire, and we must pass out as quickly and as quietly as possible." And each time he got a little excited because he thought that maybe the building was really on fire this time, and then the big red fire trucks would come clanging up before the Temple, and smoke would come pouring out of the colored glass windows that had pictures from the Bible on them, and his Hebrew book and his cap would be all burned up. And he would sniff each time to see if he could smell smoke. One time he had smelled smoke, but it was only Mr. Yenson, the janitor, burning autumn leaves in the lot next to the Temple.

But this time it wasn't fire drill, though they were in single file. They were going to see Jerusalem. Nearly every one had seen Jerusalem. That is, 6A and 6B and 5A and 5B and 4A and 4B had, and now 3A was going, and that was his class, and they were going to see Jerusalem. His brother, Morris, who was in 6B, had started to tell him all about Jerusalem. But his mother had stopped him so he could see it all for himself. And he would see it this morning. Then around the dinner table he would tell them all what he had seen in Jerusalem. And Martha would stand in the door with a big smile on her black face. He was Martha's "baby." He couldn't remember when there wasn't a Martha. And she always chuckled way down inside her when he talked at the table and told his daddy and mother and Morris what he had seen.

His class turned down the staircase. He ran his fingers along the banisters. The top was dark and brown. The bottom was white. They used to slide down the banisters. They would start up on the third floor and slide all the way down into the basement without getting down once. That is, everybody would except Charles, who was afraid. He was a sissy. They had great fun. But once the rabbi had seen them and had made a dark face and had sent them home.

Jerusalem was down in a little room in the basement. The basement was down under the auditorium. Next to this little room was the men's room and also the ladies' room. There was another door that led under the building.

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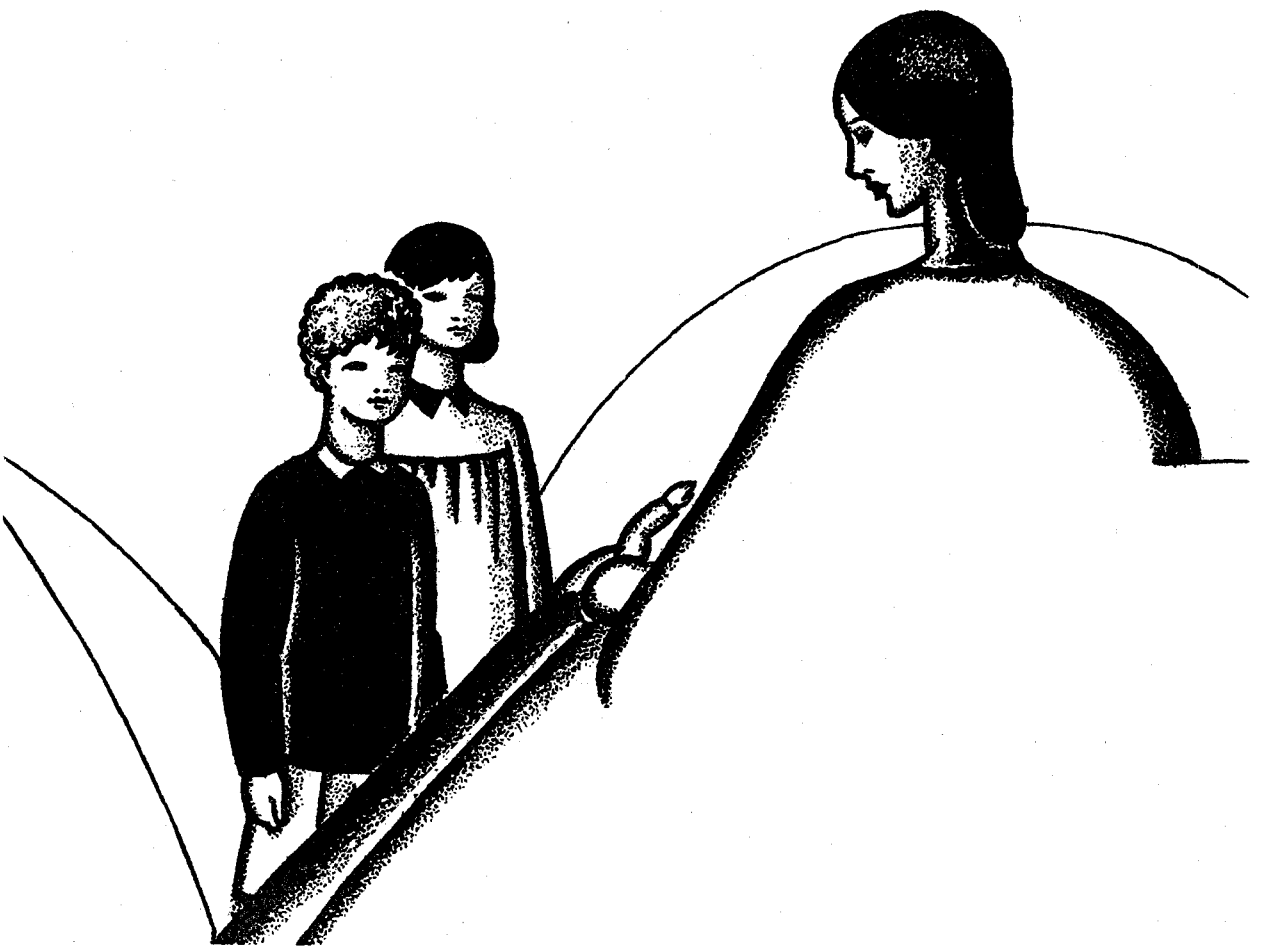
He had looked in there once, and there wasn't anything but a dirt floor and a lot of boxes and bottles and bricks and cobwebs and rafters. It smelled cold and wet and old, like the cellar at home where they used to play soldier. Abe Ginsberg said the devil lived there under the auditorium. He had told Abie that there wasn't any devil. That the Jews didn't have any devils. But Abie had laughed and had said that that was all *he* knew, smarty, and that some boys at school had told him that there was too a devil and he was red and had horns like a goat and a long tail with a fishhook at the end of it. And the devil stayed in the basement under the auditorium. He didn't believe him but he didn't go into the basement alone.

Mr. Wollheim was bending over the door. He was unlocking the door. Mr. Wollheim was the *shamus*. The *shamus* was something like the janitor, only different. He gave out prayer books for services, and you could have him over to your house for dinner. You never could have Mr. Yenson over to dinner. And he liked Mr. Yenson. Mr. Yenson came from Sweden and he didn't know how to pronounce *j*. He called him Yoseph. He would say, "Yumping Yimminee, Yoseph, I'm a better Yew than you are." But Mr. Wollheim would growl like a bear. And sometimes he would kiss him. And he had a big white mustache and he smoked little black cigars. Mr. Yenson smelled of sweet wine. Mr. Wollheim smelled of those little bitter black cigars.

Mr. Wollheim lived across the street from him. He blew the shophar every Rosh Hashanah and Yom Kippur at Temple. The shophar was a sort of bugle, but it was made out of a ram's horn. Mr. Wollheim would blow through the horn and would get very red in the face like when he coughed a lot and had to spit. But he didn't like the shophar. It was a donkey. He liked the cornet much better. And because Mr. Wollheim was getting old, he didn't blow the shophar any more, and they had a cornet play his part during the service. And his mother said it was terrible and they were just losing all the meaning out of the ceremony.

One morning each year in August there would crack the morning air the rasping, hoarse bray of the shophar. And then his mother would clap her hands to her ears and say, "Oh, good heavens, Gabriel is blowing



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again." But now Mr. Wollheim was too old, and he just gave out prayer books and brought them wine and matzoth on Pesach.

II

MR. WOLLHEIM had made Jerusalem. In the little room he had made a little Jerusalem. And now he was opening the door, and they all looked in while Mr. Wollheim shuffled in, wheezing from his effort, to turn on the light.

The light snapped on, flooding the room with a tide of yellow. Jerusalem! "Children, children, do be careful," warned Mrs. Aarons.

"Vatch de houses," growled Mr. Wollheim, "und don't bump into de city vall or you'll knock de whole ting into a tousand smidereens, yet."

He stood at the door and looked in. Jerusalem was standing on a hill. It was on a platform that went around the three sides of the little room. Against the wall was some light-blue cloth with some big white stars pasted on it. The stars were five-pointed instead of the six pointed Magen-david. In one corner the cloth had torn, and through the sky he could see the whitewash of the wall.

Jerusalem was all gold and spires and domes, and a big wall ran around the city. He once had built a city in the sand and he made smooth roads for the automobiles to run on. But he could not make a building, and, each time he tried, it looked like a hill instead of a building. But he did make good roads. And Mr. Wollheim could have made a good city in the sand. But he thought that only children built little cities. In the street were camels and little dogs with old faces and cats with dog faces and some donkeys who would bray like Mr. Wollheim's shophar. He had some little dogs like that at home. You could get them at the five-and-ten cent store. He had some lead soldiers at home that smelled funny when you melted them in a tin cup that his mother said must be used when he melted them. And a little white scum came to the top of the cup. And there were some little dolls wrapped up in some tiny sheets, and some of them were stuck up on the wall. Over the wall there were some trees made out of green sponge and some toy lions and an elephant and some colored tents. And the streets were sand and the whole city was built on sand. The buildings were gold. It was gold paper. He knew because he touched one, and it was slick and dented under his finger.

It was funny, so many people awake in Jerusalem when it was dark and the stars were in the sky. It was funny to see Jerusalem when it was all lighted up by a yellow electric light that hurt your eyes like the sun when you looked at it. He didn't think Jerusalem would look like that.

And he hated old Wally for making such an ugly little city. It was a mean and dirty trick for a grown man to make a toy city — Jerusalem with gold paper and celluloid dogs and camels. It was a mean and dirty trick.

"Vell, Junior," demanded Mr. Wollheim, his gold teeth gleaming behind his mustache, "und how do you like mine Jerusalem?"

Joseph looked at him, his mouth a straight line.

"Vell!" boomed Mr. Wollheim. A wave of bitter black cigar fumes swept over Joseph.

Joseph ran his fingers along the edge of the platform. He looked at the floor and bit his lower lip. It was chapped.

"Vell?" scowled Mr. Wollheim, "vy so shy? De cat's got your tongue, maybe?"

Tears came from Joseph's eyes, and down deep in his throat there was a little squeal like a puppy crying in the night. He ran and hid his face in Mrs. Aarons' dress.

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A Page for Poets

Conducted by Henry Goddard Leach

President, Poetry Society of America

Imagism and Symbolism

Dear Poetry Page:

Will you please tell me the difference between imagism and symbolism and illustrate by a short quotation from each?

College Sophomore

Dear College Sophomore:

The cause of the confusion about imagism and symbolism is that there were two very similar movements, one in France, one in America. The French poets called themselves symbolists, and the American (and a few English) poets called themselves imagists. Both rebelled against the idea that poems should be written in a very grand manner, rather than simply and naturally as one might talk.

Pure imagists sometimes censure symbolists for tacking on a moral. A symbolical poem has to be imagistic, since the image is needed to communicate the symbol — but not all imagistic poems are symbolical. You have probably read poems that were just good descriptions, nothing more; but about others you have said, "That was a good description of a tree, but I think the poet is talking about more than trees. I think the poet is trying to tell us about himself and about human experience." When you feel that way about a poem, it is symbolism.

Try the above distinctions on two poems of Carl Sandburg. The first is quoted as imagism, the second as symbolism:

Soapsuds

Blue and amber lay in the soapsuds.
Silver crossed pearl in the bubbles.
Her beautiful hands ran in ritual.
The water jewels cried with rainbows.
She was preparing to meet someone.
The high morning sun struck the foam.
Seven circles of the moon gave answers.

Broken Sonnet

May the weather next week be good to us.
The strong fighting birds, so often ugly,
Jab the songsters and bleed them
And send them away; the wranglers rule,
The fast breeders, the winter sparrows,
The crows. The weeds, the quack grass,
The tough wire-grass, they have it all
Their way. May the weather next week
Be good to us.

Letter to a Young Poet

***by* PADRAIC COLUM**

Poets are descended from sorcerers, from those who bespelled people with rhythmic utterance. I put this at the beginning although I know it is not the complete genealogy. Unless the poet can bespell us by his chant, unless he can enchant us, he is not truly a poet. I insist upon the primacy of the chant because, dear young friend, I don't always find it present in present-day verse. You have marked a verse that appeals to you in the collection of a poet who has, I know, written excellent poems:

My thoughts
Chink against my ribs
And roll about like silver hail-stones.
I should like to spill them out,
And pour them, all shining,
Over you.

There is not enough chant in this, therefore not enough enchantment; the sorcerer has failed us.

But, as I have remarked, the sorcerer doesn't represent the whole of the poet's ancestry. On one side he is descended from those who bespelled. On the other side he is descended from those who wanted to give permanence to things by giving them shape, from those early men who were fascinated by name and number and who opposed the everlasting becoming of the sorcerer with the everlasting being of those who recognized form and boundary. And because of these opposite descents poetry is free and bound, is inspiration and is form; the poet is a sorcerer and an artisan.

That brings us past a question that used to be debated: can poetry exist in free verse? The debate was possible because of the ambiguity in the word *free*. Did it mean verse enfranchised from traditional rhymes and metrical schemes? If it meant that, the answer, of course, is yes — poetry can exist in verse free from such particulars. Did it mean that the maker is free to set down his thoughts and feelings in any order and so constitute a poem? The answer is no. Poetry is a conquest of material: the poet's thoughts and feelings, the language at his disposal have to be shaped by a great effort and in accordance with an ideal. The lack of power to make the effort, the lack of a discernable ideal, accounts for a good deal of free verse.

No. Freedom in the sense of casualness does not go with poetry. "Bounded without, bondless within," said Goethe, and this saying is a sort of law. In order to have inner boundlessness one has to have outer boundary; the form (not necessarily any of our familiar forms) gives the boundary and, in giving it, makes possible the boundlessness. Great works of art have all very strict boundaries. "The hard, determinate outline" was the phrase that Sir Joshua Reynolds used. Blake made his own of that phrase. The hard, determinate outline is the principal in a work of art.

Rhythmic utterance, then, with the power of imposing a hard, determinate outline, gives us poetry. Oh, of course, you have to have emotion, feeling, mood back of it all. And, taking it for granted that you have these faculties, you ask your elder what you should do to retain them and develop them.

II

You should strive to advance in knowledge, as the old moralities expressed it. You should strive to know what is going on in the world. Not merely what is going on in that little and overpublicized world in which literature is produced but in the world of politics, science, philosophy, business. It would be excellent if you could have contacts with men who are engaged in the operations of science, philosophy, politics, business. Practically all the poets of today are living on the ideas that came with the accomplishment of the great eighteenth-century movement — the Rights of Man, "One impulse from a vernal wood," and so on. We have no poetry that reveals the perspectives that have been given us since, the vast perspective of human history that lies beyond the ancient civilization, the distances that have been revealed to us.

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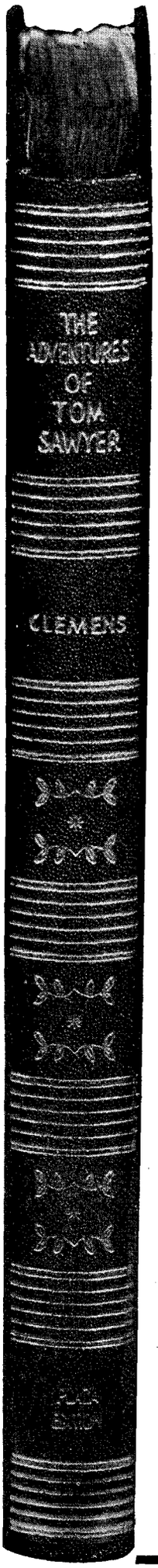

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Illustrated by E. J. Sullivan

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G — FRANKENSTEIN

By MARY W. SHELLEY *Illustrated by* Nino Carbe

Through the pages of this strange book stalks the weird, terrorizing parody of a man created synthetically out of the fragments of bodies picked from church-yards and dissecting rooms. This creature, who is both man and beast and still not either, seeks vengeance on humanity. However, his greatest passion is to destroy the man who created him. How this fiend came into being and how he lived and finally executed his mission of revenge makes one of the most fascinating tales ever written.

H — SANINE

By ARTZIBASHEV *Illustrated by* Cameron Wright

This is a realistic Russian love novel in the best traditions of the Muscovite masters. It is a vigorous tale, vigorous with the often brutal naiveté of the Russian over whom hangs a pall of depressing yet compelling psychological motives. Restless and unhappy souls, tormented by wayward bodies, teeming with animal strength, the characters submit to indulgence only to awake to repentance. Abundant with realistic details, the story is nevertheless swift-moving and entertaining throughout.

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I — CONFESSIONS OF AN ENGLISH OPIUM EATER

By THOMAS DeQUINCEY *Illustrated by* Lawrence Chaves

The reveries and fantastic imaginings induced by the use of opium have never before, nor since, been so vividly described as in DeQuincey's "Confessions." He was a master of style, a keen, philosophic intellect, and withal a person of culture and sensitivity. When under the influence of the drug his soul was in constant ferment, now happy in a charming atmosphere of beautiful women, now tormented by hideous nightmares.

J — GREEN MANSIONS

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The spell of all that is beautiful, natural and exalting hangs like an aura over every page of this enchanting book. The reader quickly loses himself in the almost spiritual atmosphere which pervades the story of Rima, half bird and half human, eerie, immortally charming, a fascinating and awesome jungle creature possessing primitive power over the passions of man.

K — THE GIRL WITH THE GOLDEN EYES

By HONORÉ de BALZAC *Illustrated by* Frank J. Buttera

Here is a story of a theme which modern psychology has brought to the fore. However, written in the classic Balzacian style it is pure story, swift in movement, fascinating in narrative detail. The eternal problem, baffling and strange, of duplex love in a woman, is developed to its tragic conclusions. Though written many years ago this is distinctly a book for moderns who have caught up with the most recent trends of thought.

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Letter to a Young Poet

You know how rarely we perform any mental function, how seldom even those of us who are supposed to think make any real effort in that direction. We carry on according to the mental habits we have formed. Then some public event reveals the depressing fact that we are only the depositories for traditional, for mass feelings. Realizing this we ought to consider things. And yet the poet must not be too conscious all of the time. His best thoughts come unbidden or summoned in some indirect way. If he had to whip them up they wouldn't come at all. And here comes the conflict between reverie and the power of focusing the mind on a particular problem. If we rely on thoughts just coming to us we shall have no power of dealing with them when they come. The artist has to have reverie in his life; he should be able to sit by a fire or in a railway carriage, looking out on the landscape, and have entertaining thoughts. But this reverie might easily sink into mental laziness. There must be the power of focusing the mind upon things definite, of pulling out of the flux some thought or feeling and holding it long enough to give it shape. This power can come only by exercise, by discipline. The problem is of holding some sort of balance. For the artist is aware that thoughts which mean most to him come — the phrase is Longfellow's — "like Dian's kiss, unasked, unsought"; well, perhaps not altogether unsought. Nietzsche, too, has a phrase about such uncompelled visitants — "Let me have no thoughts except those that come on dove's feet." Yes, these are the best, the thoughts that come with lightness and grace. And if we are too forcible in the management of our minds, too much in possession, these thoughts will not come.

The poet should live in his own time and country. I don't mean he should deal only with subjects that are native and contemporary. Let him deal with China of the Mings or France of the Merovingians if he is drawn to them. But he should be molded by a particular tradition, by particular interests; otherwise he is rootless, and there will be no flavor that we will recall in his work. I take it that he is able to discern what is spiritual in his surroundings and his heritage. If he is not able to do so his verse will be charged with complacency, prejudice, mass passion. The poet should belong to his own time and place and be a good critic of them.

It goes without saying that you should take trouble to master your medium. I don't mean that you should merely know what you want to do and how to do it. I mean that your conscience should be such that you will not allow any soft or easy work to get away from you. This is where you should be sensitive. A weak line in a published poem should cost you agonies. And still you must remember that there is nothing more depressing than professionalism in a poet. The later Swinburne, wrapped up in literature, producing bookishness out of bookishness, was a sad spectacle. I am sure that the poet should keep something of chanciness in his life and his poetry.

Write prose, too. There is a notion that poets do not write prose naturally. I don't know how that notion arises: Byron, Shelley, Keats, Landor wrote prose finely; so did Gerard Manley Hopkins. Swinburne didn't; neither did Tennyson or Browning. The last two neglected prose as a medium of expression, and that was bad for their poetry. There are many conceptions in a poet's mind which should go into prose, and, if the poet hasn't the method of getting them into prose, they will get into his verse and make it prosaic. How one wishes that Tennyson and Browning had written prose and much prose! These inert plays of Tennyson's, these half-baked plays of Browning's would have had better alternatives if the poets had had a prose medium at their command: they would have been able to assess this as prose and that as verse and not give us pieces without the power that is in either. The poet should write prose professionally — that is, in a way that will be interesting to the general, cultivated reader who might be expected to buy his books or the magazines in which his prose appears.

III

You ask me about publishing: how does the young poet set about getting a public for what he has written? Well, in this country there are many magazines hospitable to poetry, and you who have written worth-while poems will be sure of getting them in somewhere, sometime. I don't say but that you'll have to exercise patience. But you will remember that there is no case of a great artist who did not have to exercise patience. You will say: "This magazine publication is less than halfway; how do I set about bringing out a volume with an attractive title above my name and a dedication on the first page to a special friend?" Patience again and this time a larger exercise of it. There are in this country and in England a few admirable anthologies that bring out the best poetry published in magazines during the year. Any poet might be pleased to be in one of them. When you have appeared a couple of times in such collections you should be in a position to go to one of the regular publishers with your volume. But remember that a publisher makes no profits — not what *he* calls profits — on a book of verse. If he takes one, it is because he likes to grace his list with something that shows that he, too, holds up the banner of the ideal. Of course, if he has other books of yours (they may come later) he will publish your poems, too. I should advise you to join with other young poets and bring out your books on some co-operative plan rather than wait until a publisher is sure that it is a safe bet to bring you before the public. You won't have much of a circulation published co-operatively; the problem of distribution has still to be solved by such guilds. But you won't have a great circulation in any case. Your poems will be published, you will get reviews, and your name will be made known to those — a great many — who are interested in poetry.

The handicap of the young poet in this country, as I see it, comes not from difficulty of publication but difficulty of association, of fellowship. In any city in Europe it is more natural for a young poet to have fellowship with other young poets than it is in New York, Boston, or Chicago. In the city I was brought up in there was always a poet ready to deliver the lyric he had just written to another poet, ready to listen to another, to comment on what the other had done. It is the comment made in this way that really teaches the young poet; it is from his contemporaries he learns technique and receives ideas. I do not know why this fellowship is rare here: lack of meeting places has something to do with it and also that absence of leisure of mind which makes young men sit round café tables for hours talking about intellectual things that interest them; here, too, there is an unreadiness about repeating verses.

Write, by all means, personal poems, poems about things that are in your own immediate experience. And yet, how fine it would be if you could write a poem that would celebrate some significant action, a long poem, an heroic poem. After all, the present age produces a plenitude of personal poems; it looks as if there is nothing worth talking about but personal emotions. And the poet who is able to get a large sweep of action into his work, who can get something of the old epic feeling, the heroic temper, will be distinguished amongst the poets. The one who tries to do this will have to have wide and deep experience and a great mastery of technique. The problem involved in the writing of a long poem is so complex that only a long training can give one the technique to solve it. But I recommend that you keep in your mind the intention to write a long and heroic poem some time in the future.

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OUR ROSTRUM

These columns are open to brief letters commenting upon any article or subject that has appeared in The Forum. Because of space limitations, the Editor must reserve the right to publish letters only in part.

THE NAVAL ACADEMY

To the Editor:

. . . . . .

. . . The Naval Academy class yearbook of 1933, edited and published by Mr. Brown's [James Oliver Brown, author of "Annapolis — Stronghold of Mediocrity," October FORUM] classmates, contains the following reference to him:

"He does not believe that many existing customs are good and is ever ready to contend that the majority is always wrong — some people say that he lives to disagree."

. . . . . .

The Naval Academy is not in any sense a national university. It is not a school of liberal arts. It is not to be evaluated by the standards of any educational institution, college or university, in this country, excepting the Military Academy at West Point. The Naval Academy was created and exists for the sole purpose of educating and training naval officers to serve in and command the forces of the United States fleet. The efficiency of the fleet is a direct measure of the sufficiency of education and training at the Naval Academy, for this is practically the sole source of officer personnel. Is the fleet then to be judged by the standards of the liberal arts or by hits per gun per minute?

. . . . . .

This article reduces to two principal points of attack. *One*, the irksome features of a military regime. *Two*, the lack of cultural background in the education of a naval officer.

With respect to the first: Since the dawn of history it has been recognized that military discipline is fundamental and essential to the training of military forces. Military discipline is the quality which enables trained men to carry on with resolution under the stress of battle. It distinguishes the efficient military machine from the mob. This quality is developed by the military routine.

As for lack of culture, the second item in the indictment: Let us be more concerned with whether the naval officer is a first-class fighting man than whether he can compose a sonnet. Do you judge the doctor by the efficacy of his cure or by his standing in the world of letters? Is the engineer judged by the enduring quality of the structure or by the art with which it is embellished.

. . . . . .

. . . Each year the Academy comes under the close scrutiny and critical study of a body of distinguished educators and statesmen which reports to the President of the United States. In recent years this body has been composed of the presidents of five or more nationally known universities and members representing the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States. . . . In 1930 this board included in its report the following:

"The Board wishes to congratulate the superintendent, heads of departments, and instructors on the splendid showing made by the naval candidates in the recent competition for the Rhodes scholarships. . . ."

In 1935 the Board of Visitors reported in part as follows:

". . . The . . . midshipmen . . . displayed . . . alert minds and gave the impression of being a properly disciplined body of young men with plenty of initiative, good habits, self-respect, and good manners."

. . . . . .

. . . In the report of the Board of Visitors, 1935, page 6:

"The system of discipline in vogue is highly commended, as it seems in every way to develop manliness and a sense of responsibility. There is no sign of compulsion, and supervision exacted is highly suited to the American youth of today."

. . . . . .

In 1929 the Board of Visitors to the Naval Academy reported as follows:

"We have visited classes during recitation and commend the alert mental attitude plainly evident. The individual instruction given to small groups of midshipmen by questions and answers, instead of the lecture method, appears well adapted to the Naval Academy. . . ."

. . . . . .

D. F. SELLERS
Rear Admiral, U. S. Navy
Superintendent
United States Naval Academy
Annapolis, Md.

To the Editor:

Mr. Brown's article attacking the United States Naval Academy as a "stronghold of mediocrity" proceeds upon a serious misconception of the designed mission of the school, which is the preliminary preparation for practice of a highly technical military profession. . . .

. . . . . .

With the utmost economy of time and regimentation of effort the midshipmen have little time to devote to "music, philosophy, art, drama, and biography". . . .

. . . . . .

Rigid, unbending discipline and regimentation of time and activities, as well as orderliness, are requisites of naval life. If they seem "senseless" to Mr. Brown, his adoption of a different profession is a tribute to his understanding that he was unfitted to pursue a naval career.

. . . . . .

The author's examples of "unreasonable disciplinary measures" . . . convey the impression that midshipmen are required to tattle on other midshipmen. This is never required, nor would it be tolerated there. The incidents related are ones where midshipmen had been definitely placed on official duty over other midshipmen. . . . Lacking this requirement, discipline obviously could not be maintained in any military organization.

. . . . . .

N. M. HUBBARD
President
Navy League of the United States
Washington, D. C.

To the Editor:

In criticizing the discipline at Annapolis, James Oliver Brown overlooks the fact that the purpose of such a college is to prepare men for war. . . .

There probably never was a leader who did not make mistakes. . . .

Our problem in battle, therefore, is to see that the commander is obeyed in spite of mistakes; that the subordinate does his part in spite of a frantic desire to do something entirely different. And the seemingly foolish discipline of a military college certainly helps toward that end. But how can you explain that to a man whose business has never required him to act with reasonable intelligence in the face of deadly danger?

The rest of Mr. Brown's article sounds reasonable, assuming his facts are correct. . . .

. . . . . .

MAJOR JAMES R. RANDOLPH
Kingston, R. I.

"LIVING IN SIN"

To the Editor:

The article in the October FORUM "I Thought I Was Modern" [by Evelyn Havens] was, in my opinion, one of the most helpful productions on that subject that has been published in your magazine and atones for such buncome as "Monogamy Is an Art" [May FORUM].

. . . . . .

This sophisticated modern generation . . . would do well to listen to the voice of experience and take it to heart.

. . . . . .

N. P. BROWN
Eaton Rapids, Mich.

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December

FORUM

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Our Rostrum

To the Editor:

Miss Havens' story is only one more case to prove that when sex relations become irregular it is always the woman who pays.

CARRIE CHAPMAN CATT
New Rochelle, N. Y.

To the Editor:

. . . . . .

. . . Learning that being modern is sometimes only a more agreeable way of being a fool . . . cannot be rated a dead loss. But how much more valuable would it be if, instead of persuading herself she had been matching her strength against social convention, she would realize that she, the subject, had been testing the power of the Supreme Lawgiver. . . .

CYRIL F. MEYER, C. M.
St. John's University
Brooklyn, N. Y.

To the Editor:

The author of "I Thought I Was Modern" has put our emancipated "intelligentsia" . . . deeply in her debt. . . . THE FORUM now and then publishes something unforgettable. . . .

E. F. DAUGHERTY
Muncie, Ind.

To the Editor:

Evelyn Havens has perhaps done herself an irreparable injustice. But she is honest enough to admit it, and her powerful article will render a great service in clearing up a lot of muddled thinking. . . .

I hope this article may be widely read by those young and immature persons who are being encouraged to nibble at the alluring notion that sex is one of those casual things. . . .

. . . . . .

H. A. HARVEY, M. D.
Batavia, N. Y.

TARIFFS

To the Editor:

I have just finished reading . . . "Why We Need High Tariffs," by Honorable Arthur Vandenberg [October FORUM]. . . .

It has always been my firm conviction that America should be self-sustained, with no foreign entanglements, be they political, economic, financial, or military.

I feel that Congress should so legislate that American agricultural, industrial, and commercial markets would be protected from manipulation of foreign monies and from all raw material and processed goods produced abroad at less than a living wage.

. . . . . .

WILLIAM LEMKE
National Headquarters
The Union Party
Chicago, Ill.

To the Editor:

. . . . . .

. . . I have read the article . . . with a great deal of interest. No one could state the situation existing in our country today better than it is expressed by my friend Vandenberg.

. . . . . .

REED SMOOT
Salt Lake City, Utah

To the Editor:

Senator Vandenberg . . . repeats the old tariff chestnut put in the mouth of Abraham Lincoln. It runs to the effect that, if we buy goods from a foreigner, we have the goods and the foreigner has the money but, if we buy goods from an American, then we have both the goods and the money. The boob who hears this is supposed to draw the inference that it is about twice as profitable to trade at home as it is to trade with a foreigner.

F. W. Taussig dealt with this myth about twenty years ago and proved that Lincoln never said it or at least that it could not be traced to anything Lincoln is known to have said or written. He reached the conclusion that it originated with Bob Ingersoll. . . .

. . . . . .

J. P. REED
Emmett, Idaho

To the Editor:

"Why We Need High Tariffs" in the October FORUM does not satisfy me as a farmer. The farm question is the tariff question. We have got to have a foreign market or controlled production, or the price of farm products will be so low that we cannot do business with the other fellows whose prices are kept up by protective tariffs. For the farmer's product, the tariff does no good when we have a surplus. Why was it we busted with the highest protective tariff and the highest wages ever known?

SAM B. WOODS
Griffith, Ind.

WAGES AND PROSPERITY

To the Editor:

In this debate ["Do High Wages Make Prosperity?" Irving Fisher & Edward A. Filene, October FORUM] . . . Mr. Filene has much the better of the argument. . . .

. . . . . .

I heartily disagree with Professor Fisher's contention that prosperity is primarily a money problem. Heaven knows that we need a better monetary system, but the roots of depression are found in the human relationships that characterize our economic system. . . .

HENRY PRATT FAIRCHILD
Professor of Sociology
New York University
New York, N. Y.

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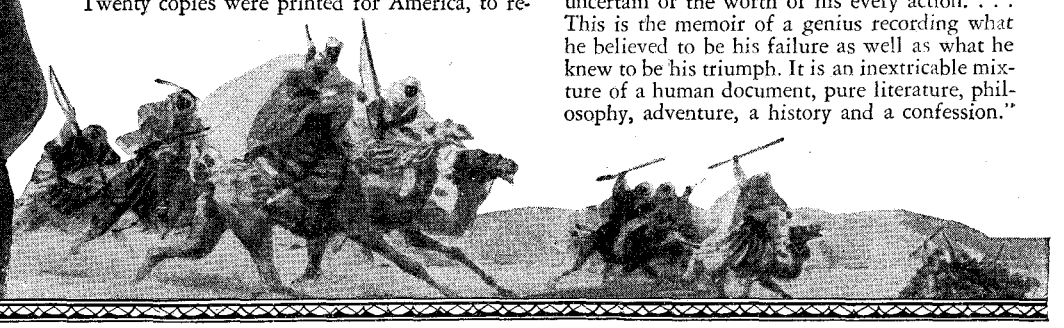
SEVEN PILLARS OF WISDOM

By T. E. LAWRENCE



THE SEVEN PILLARS OF WISDOM will be, as it was meant to be, Lawrence's monument to posterity. It has an exciting story of its own, and for years has partaken of the sensational and legendary which surrounded everything that Lawrence did. Lawrence finished it during six months of writing at the Peace Conference in Paris. Close to 250,000 words had been written. Then one day while he was changing trains at Reading Station near London, he left this manuscript unguarded and it disappeared. It has never been recovered.

Within a few months he rewrote a second draft in 400,000 words; but his style was careless and hurried, and realizing he would never be satisfied with it, a year later characteristically he burned the entire manuscript. The third text was begun at once and was composed with great care. It is the present one. It was privately printed in London and fabulous sums were said to have been paid for the few copies sold in England. Twenty copies were printed for America, to retain copyright here, and the price of these was set at $20,000 apiece. Upon his death, last year, the unexpurgated text was given to the world.

"Lawrence was not writing a history in this book....The stream of explanation and narrative is made up of many elements. There are studies of Arab history and Arab character, the latter brilliant in the extreme, and pen portraits of Arabs, Turks, French and British leaders of extraordinary wit, shrewdness and power, and these and much else are floated on a narrative of adventures that are terrible, humorous, exciting to a degree unequalled in our time, enriched by descriptions of the desert, of Arab life, of the backgrounds of critical action, many of which are beautiful in a high degree, real masterpieces of English prose. . . .

"But this is only one strand of this great book. . . . The other is philosophical, but in no abstract sense. It is the meditation, often agonized, sometimes profound and occasionally petulant and despairing, of a leader torn between duty to his conscience and duty to his cause, of a Hamlet uncertain of the worth of his every action. . . . This is the memoir of a genius recording what he believed to be his failure as well as what he knew to be his triumph. It is an inextricable mixture of a human document, pure literature, philosophy, adventure, a history and a confession."

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A Quarterly Review

Charles Clayton Morrison, *Editor*
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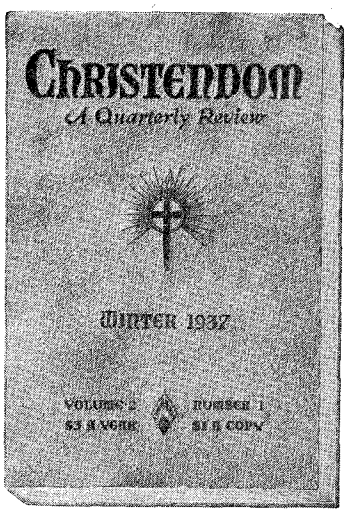

How Shall We Think of God?
Robert L. Calhoun

Man's Work: Calling or Job?
Richard M. Cameron

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Frederick C. Grant

The Aversion of Men of Taste to Evangelical Religion
Nathaniel Micklem

The Revival of Cruelty
John T. McNeil

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Dr. Morrison

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The Ethical and Aesthetic
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